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Mainland China Today

Edward W. Bauman Bible Series: New Life Together

The Sea Islands Revisited

Happy
is the man
who can
look back
with pride
and stride forward
with HOPE



The Unadorned Christmas Tree

*The trees were lit with all man could invent
Of lights and tinsel and gay ornament;
While on this Christmas Eve there sadly stood
An unadorned spruce tree within a wood.*

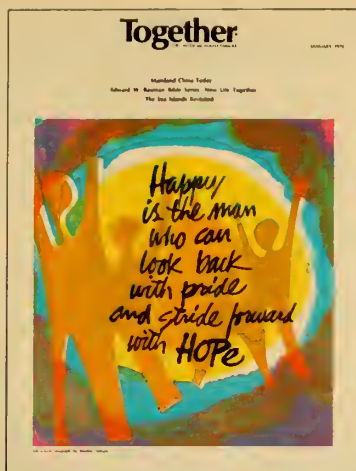
*Her sighs were broken only by the sound
Her needle tears made on a frozen ground;
Then suddenly the snow began to fall—
A miracle of beauty over all.*

*The tree felt gentle fingers in her hair
And knew the hand of God was weaving there
For her alone—a luminous design;
The star of Bethlehem came down to shine
Within her topmost bough and from the wood
The animals came silently and stood
Beneath the transformed tree—they seemed to know
Christ rested in a stable long ago.*

*So quickly Christmas passed and with its flight
The city trees were stripped of tinsel bright;
They lay on walks in winter's icy blast
Remembering the Christmas that was past.
The "unadorned" spruce tree stood in the dawn
With all her Christmas decorations on;
She placed her feet deep in the living sod
And looked into the smiling face of God.*

*Oh strip me, Christ Child, of my tinsel bright—
Hypocrisy and artificial light—
Adorn me with the love that comes from Thee—
The ornaments of immortality!*

—BETTY MINA



For the second consecutive year, by popular request, our cover is a silk-screen serigraph by Brother Adrian, a Franciscan philosopher-artist-musician whose "sermons in a nutshell" appeal to all ages, especially the so-called "now generation." Born in Chicago, Brother Adrian entered the religious life at 16. Nineteen years ago he established a church and school at Greenwood, Miss., where he is in charge of the drum and bugle corps and the church choir. The innumerable, colorful plaques and cards he produces have attracted a wide and appreciative audience because almost invariably the themes they express are ones of universal joy and hope.

TOGETHER JANUARY 1972

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Together

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

IN THIS ISSUE

- The Unadorned Christmas Tree . . . Betty Mina
Second Cover Color Pictorial
- 3 Bible Teacher to Millions
Herman B. Teeter
- 6 The Life-giving Community
Edward W. Bauman
- 9 Alchemy
Maureen Cannon
- 10 China Today
Helen Johnson
- 14 The New Face of Adoption
Church in Action
- 24 What Will 1972 Bring?
Lyle E. Schaller
- 25 If You Are a Woman
Rachel Conrad Wahlberg
- 27 Sea Islands Revisited
Color Pictorial
- 32 Calendar of Haiku
Jane Merchant
- 34 My Son the Adolescent
Terry H. Burke
- 36 New Hope Blooms in Sunflower
Color Pictorial
- 41 Away in a Manger
Katherine York
- 44 Tune Up, Turn On, Drop In
Martha A. Lane
- 52 People
- 54 A Declaration of Interdependence
James Greenhalge
- 58 Photo Invitational Announcement
- 65 Peter, Fisher of Men . . . Herman B. Teeter

REGULAR FEATURES

- 18 TV & Films . . . David O. Poindexter
- 19 News
- 46 Letters
- 48 Illustration Credits
- 49 Letters From Elsewhere . . . Herman B. Teeter
- 51 Your Faith . . . James S. Thomas
- 56 Teens . . . Dale White
- 59 Books . . . Helen Johnson
- 61 Fiction . . . Gerald Kennedy
- 62 Small Fry . . . Joan Burke
- 64 Jottings

From Calcutta ...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~XX~~ WITH
DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS
OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH
AND STRENGTH ~~XX~~ ARE RESTORED.

PARENT ~~XX~~ ~~XX~~ ~~XX~~ CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF
~~XX~~ ~~XX~~ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH
FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER
MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE
IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH
FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNES TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH
TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL
OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER.
HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE
FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN
THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS
HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER
FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP
THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF
SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ~~XX~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER
MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS
WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE ~~XX~~ DAUGHTER BECOMING
SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED
AT ONCE.



Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

Please, won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines.



Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____.

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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TG7810

Introducing: Ed Bauman

Bible Teacher to Millions

Text by HERMAN B. TEETER / Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER



Beginning on page 7, Dr. Bauman brings his keen insight into the relevance of religion in modern life to the first of six Bible-study articles based on the Book of Acts. In addition to his work as senior pastor of Foundry United Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., he currently lectures on systematic theology at Wesley Theological Seminary, and is considered one of America's foremost authorities on church renewal. The author of four books, he is also widely known as the instructor of a nationally distributed color-television Bible-study course which has attracted a vast audience. The program's many awards include an Academy of Television Arts and Sciences "Emmy."

THE LIGHTS are bright, very bright, as the bespectacled man in a business suit takes his place before the television cameras. The studio set—consisting of a lectern, desk, chairs, and blackboard—is situated between one designed for news programs, another for a kiddie show.

"Stand by," says the director at WMAL-TV, the ABC station at Washington, D.C.

Music swells, titles and credit lines appear on the monitor screens. The music fades and one of the three cameras moves in on Dr. Edward W. Bauman, 44, senior minister of Washington's historic Foundry United Methodist Church.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," he reads from the prologue to the Gospel According to John.

Prologue concluded, the minister talks earnestly, but

conversationally, launching the first of 28 weekly Bauman Bible Telecasts for the 1971-72 season.

For the first of two unrehearsed 30-minute segments the six-foot-two-inch Dr. Bauman lectures without notes, moving from lectern to blackboard to desk, illustrating the program at times with photographs and paintings. Then, following a break, he leads a panel discussion on the program theme.

Since the Bauman Bible course series began 15 years ago, millions of viewers throughout the nation have come to know the popular minister-teacher by way of television and radio. Recently, National Educational Television made the programs available to some 120 outlets. Hundreds of churches here and abroad show duplicate films as part of their educational programs. The films are being used by the Armed Forces, were shown aboard the *Polaris* submarine during its historic cruise under Arctic ice, and are seen almost around-the-clock on hospital ships off Viet Nam.

The program's popularity is compounded of many things. First, Dr. Bauman has proved himself a leading Bible authority. He knows what to say and how to say it. He is extremely listenable. And he has developed a television personality all his own.

"As a performer, he is a natural," says Lee Hunter, WMAL technical director. "He is completely himself before the cameras. And his show gets better every year."

Style and timing come with experience, however. Naturally there have been goofs along the way. One came during Dr. Bauman's first TV appearance, years ago, when he was on a morning devotional program. "I really blew it," he says. "I ended the devotional four minutes early, and the station had to fill the time with other material."

Another time, after considerable experience before the cameras, he suddenly found himself down to the last 10 seconds of the taped program. He had been talking about the kingdom of God being the most important thing in one's life.

"You've got to remember," he concluded, "that—ah—joyful *disobedience* to the will of God is the most important thing in life!"

Often things happen off-camera that demand great poise and concentration. Once, while he was talking about the Holy Spirit, a camera caught fire. Chairs on the set have broken down during taping. A Nativity scene Dr. Bauman brought back from one of his trips to the Holy Land was knocked off the table—not once, but twice—by a camera.

During the discussion portion of the show, when he freewheels with a panel of several people, he noticed the cameraman waving his hand urgently. Dr. Bauman began to fidget, wondering what was wrong. Was he running overtime? Had his pants ripped?

"What was that all about?" he asked the studio cameraman when the program was over.

"I just wanted to ask you a question," replied the cameraman who had become intensely interested in the discussion himself!

He is one of a few television personalities who wear glasses under the lights (he's nearsighted), but refraction from rims and lenses "gave WMAL fits until they finally solved the problem." On a short series over NBC several years ago, the network insisted on outfitting him with contact lenses.

"I didn't look like me, and I didn't feel like me," he says. "Those were four of the worst programs I've ever made."

Born in East St. Louis, Ill., the son of a civil engineer, he became accustomed to moving from town to town, school to school. He joined the navy in 1945 at the age of 17, and seriously considered devoting his life to science.

"But something happened to me," Dr. Bauman says. "Everything coalesced around my call to the ministry. When it did, I felt that I had come home at last."

At the time he was stationed in Biloxi, Miss., where he and a friend teamed up to conduct services at small Methodist churches in the area. After his discharge from the navy he attended DePauw University and the Boston University School of Theology, beginning his ministry on a two-point charge in Ohio. After three years he was asked to serve as chaplain and teacher at American University in Washington, D.C.

Had he not accepted that opportunity there probably would be no Bauman Bible Telecasts today. Call it luck or providence, but WMAL's transmitter was on the American University campus. Thus, when the school and the council of churches joined to promote the first commercial-station college-credit TV course on religion, the role of teacher fell more or less by chance to Dr. Bauman.

Despite the remarkable popularity of each series, and their increasingly wide distribution, he does not consider television to be his major role as a minister. That came when he went to Foundry Church seven years ago.

"I consider myself primarily a local pastor," he says. "Without the pastoral contact, my whole ministry of preaching and teaching would be greatly diminished. My pastorate at Foundry is my main work, my main vocation, my main responsibility."

As senior pastor at Foundry, he is involved in all administrative problems. Like most ministers, he calls on every hospitalized member; and he devotes a great deal of time to counseling in addition to preaching.

Where does he find the time to teach, preach, counsel, carry on his administrative duties, prepare radio and television programs, write books, and prepare magazine articles like the series beginning in this issue of *Together*? Find the time he does, taking things as they come, juggling assignments, blocking out his day-to-day activities systematically—while reserving a great deal of time for his family.

The key to everything would appear to be the skill and efficiency of Mrs. Bauman, the former Audree Miller of Marion, Ohio, who has served as a top-flight executive's secretary in the Washington area. The couple met at Foundry Church where Ed had joined the choir and Audree was an alto soloist. They were married 25 years ago at the church by the late Dr. Frederick Brown Harris who was U.S. Senate chaplain and served the 102-year-old Foundry Church for 31 years, longer than any of its 81 other pastors.

"Audree worked—and put me through school," Dr. Bauman says.

And she's still working, this time as secretary-treasurer of Bauman Bible Telecasts, Inc., in addition to her role as mother of their three children—Mark, Debi, and Kathy. Her office is in the home, a ranch-type house in Washington, where her husband is a confirmed "do-it-yourself finger smasher" when he isn't doing what he calls "dig-



From parlor to pulpit, from campus to TV studio, from study to street, Ed Bauman's life is a varied and busy one which could—but doesn't—take too much time away from his family. With him above: His wife Audree and their three children, Mark, Debi, and Kathy. He's a familiar sight on the street near his home as he jogs his daily mile, and on campus at Wesley Theological Seminary where he talks after class with two students.



ging" in his study on a sermon or TV program.

The "digging" continues, even when the Baumanns are on vacation in their summer home in Maine. He has a study secluded in the woods where, last summer, he began preparing the current TV Bible course titled *John's Gospel in the Modern World*. The series began last October 2 and will continue through April 8, 1972. He admits that the Book of John had long "intimidated me," although he considers it "unmatched in the religious literature of the world."

As preacher, teacher, and interpreter of the Bible, Dr. Bauman continually seeks to clarify the message of the Bible as it applies to modern living. He believes, for example, that much of the divisiveness over social issues today has resulted because "we are not careful to show the biblical roots of the church's involvement in the world . . ."

Bible study, he points out, is a study of the past that involves us in the present and prepares us for the future.

Time and again this theme emerges in Dr. Bauman's pulpit ministry and in the televised Bible course series. The latter, now self-sustaining, was funded for several years by grants from the Lilly Foundation and others. Today it operates on a remarkably low budget—about \$40,000 annually—the cost of a few seconds of commercial television network time. Production costs are only about \$500 a year because WMAL donates the time, charging only for the cost of the color tape used to record the programs. This tape is then given to Bauman Bible Telecasts which, in turn, lends it to the Armed Forces for showing and reproduction on film. The film negatives come back and are used to print the films available on a rental basis for churches and television outlets in various parts of the country. [For further information about securing programs on 16-mm film and/or video tape, write Bauman Bible Telecasts, Inc., 5214 Wehawken Road, Washington, D.C. 20016.]

Meanwhile, Ed Bauman carries on with small-boy enthusiasm. He still loves science (as chaplain and teacher at American University, he haunted the laboratories and hounded the chemistry professors). He rises at 6:30 a.m., is at work in his study an hour later. If it is Monday, he tapes his radio program. If Tuesday, he will lecture on systematic theology at Wesley Theological Seminary. On Wednesday he will arrive at WMAL around 11:30 a.m., talk and joke with station personnel, and submit to Audree's makeup skill (his makeup box is labeled "Ed Bauman's Survival Kit"), and then swing into the lecture and panel discussion without notes or rehearsal, seldom making a bobble.

So the week goes—a sermon to prepare, administrative duties at Foundry, counseling, the hospital visits. In his spare time he has been teaching his two daughters to drive. He finds reading refreshing, sometimes watches television (educational, football, Glen Campbell). In the evenings he puts on faded sweat pants and sweater and jogs a mile up and down a hill near his home, returning tired enough "to sleep like a baby."

An optimistic man, he laughs easily, has a ready wit. And there's an old wooden yoke hanging in the carport of his home which pretty well expresses his attitude toward his life as one of United Methodism's busiest ministers. It recalls a passage from Matthew 11:30:

"... my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." □

New Life Together

*First in a Series of Bible Studies
on the Book of Acts*

The Life-giving Community

By EDWARD W. BAUMAN



EVERY Christian has heard the good news of the Gospels, but not every Christian has heard the good news of the Acts of the Apostles.

The good news of the Gospels is about a God who loves us so much that he comes to us in Jesus Christ to call us out of despair about ourselves and our world into a new joy and wholeness of life. Through Christ he calls us into a special relationship with himself and shows us what our life can be at its best. When we respond to this call, when we enter into this kind of union with God, we experience life deeply and fulfill the purpose for our creation.

Hermann Hesse is such a popular author these days because he keeps reminding us that the question of life's meaning is the only ultimate question. Deep within each of us there is a need to know the "why" of our creation and to move toward a greater fullness of life. The Gospels are good news because they tell us how God's love in Christ meets this need..

The Good News of Community

Unfortunately, many Christians have not read beyond the four Gospels into the Book of Acts to discover how the good news continues there. The emphasis, as in the Gospels, is on God's gift of life through Jesus Christ, but in the Acts we see how *the gift is given in and through the community of faith*. We do not need to live as Kierkegaard's "solitary individual" in an anguished search for meaning. The heart does not need to be "a lonely hunter." God loves us so much he calls us into a community of faith where we share our lives with others and move together toward the fulfillment of our humanity. As we read the first 12 chapters of Acts we are especially impressed by the strength and vitality of this community which grew up around the experience of Christ.

When I first realized this good news of the community of faith, I found my whole life and ministry changing. Something deep inside responded to this possibility of moving from aloneness in my search for meaning into the family of Christ. When others came to me, sharing their personal problem or burdened with concern for the world's pain, I found myself extending an invitation to the "family" as one of the most loving and healing things I could offer them. God acts through Christ to call us into the community of faith where he gives us wholeness of life (eternal life) and prepares us for our ministry of love to others. The good news of Acts is the good news of this life-giving community.

All this raises the current emphasis on church renewal to a new level of urgency and importance. When Dietrich Bonhoeffer was in prison, he wrote a letter to his godson telling him that by the time he grew up, the shape of the church would be so changed that he would not recognize it as the church. As it turned out, his prediction was premature. The godson has grown up and the church has not really changed that much. But the winds of change are blowing, sweeping us toward a reformation more radical than that of Luther or Wesley.

The change is long overdue. We are all deeply disturbed by the widespread decline in church attendance and financial support, by the small number of young people involved in church activities, and by the church's

lack of influence on contemporary life and morals. Added to this is the "crisis of the clergy," symbolized by the large number of ministers leaving the local parish and by the small number of seminary students willing to take their place. Most serious of all is the laymen's deep unrest, the feeling that something is seriously wrong. I have received countless letters from laymen all over the country telling me that they "aren't getting anything out of church" and do not know what to do about it.

The encouraging thing is that God is doing something about it. In every period of history when the church has become inflexible and ineffective, God has broken through with the gift of renewal. In our time he is giving new life to the church at every level of its existence: new forms of worship, new experiences of unity, new opportunities for mission, new techniques in education, and, most important of all, a new emphasis on the reality of God's presence in Jesus Christ. In these and countless other ways God is offering us the gift of new life in the church.

In a time when there is so much talk about the new shape of the church, it is essential for us to understand the biblical guidelines for parish renewal. Because we are "the people of a book," every great period of reformation has grown out of a deepened knowledge of the Scriptures. It should not surprise us, therefore, to find the Bible speaking directly to our present situation.

When we turn to the Book of Acts, for example, we find a history of events which occurred when the church was young. The principles which emerge from this history have often been buried under a mountain of institutionalism, but they are eternally valid. In the early chapters of Acts, especially, we find invaluable guidelines for modern church renewal. Most important of all is the conviction that every follower of Christ is "called" by God into a special community where he is given the opportunity to grow into fullness of life.

Israel as Community

The roots of this conviction run back deep into the Old Testament where everything revolves around the Exodus, the event through which God called Israel into being as a community. The early chapters of the Book of Exodus tell us about the Hebrew slaves who escaped from their Egyptian masters under the leadership of Moses. The emphasis on every page is upon the God who cares, the God who acts, the God who calls. The net result is that the Hebrew people found themselves molded together as a community through which the individual found new meaning for his life and new hope for the future.

From the beginning, the community of Israel assumed many institutional forms. Worship centered around the Ark of the Covenant, first in the tabernacle in the wilderness, then in the Temple in Jerusalem. The conditions of membership in the community were defined in the law. A priesthood developed to lead the worship and interpret the law. Financial methods were devised to support the growing institution. As a result, the religious institution of Israel tended to become an end in itself, but the greatest religious leaders kept reminding the people that their very life depended upon their existence as a religious community. They were certain that God had called them into existence as a people because he loved them and

because he wanted to give them fullness of life through their participation in the community.

By the time of Jesus, however, the institutional forms of Israel's religion had almost smothered the life of the spirit. This is why the coming of Jesus brought such joy to the world. He became the new "event" around which a life-giving community could grow. In the new community, men and women were released from the intolerable burden of lifeless law and from the dead weight of perverted institutionalism. They were set free to live fully, to love deeply, and to hope eagerly for God's ultimate victory over every evil in the world.

Community in the Early Church

While the Gospels tell us about the event (the life and teaching of Jesus), the Book of Acts tells us about the community which grew up around it. The second chapter sets the theme for the entire book. On the day of Pentecost, God gave the gathered disciples an experience of his presence which convinced them as never before that they belonged together in a special way. They realized that they were a "family" and that their individual destiny depended upon their willingness to remain in the family for the rest of their lives.

It is very revealing to note the Greek word which the New Testament Christians chose to describe their new life together. The word *ecclesia*, translated as "church" in our New Testament, is familiar to us in our tongue-twisting word "ecclesiastical." It is an important word because it means "those who are called out." In ancient Athens when a group was "called out" from among the general population into a special assembly, it was known as the *ecclesia*. Christians might have used many words to describe their life together, but they wanted to emphasize that out of all the people in the world they had been "called forth" by God into a unique "assembly." From this time they were to be the new people of God, the new Israel, the new community of faith. Through participation in the community they would receive wholeness of life for themselves and strength for their ministry to others.

It is obvious from the Book of Acts (and the letters of Paul) that institutional problems arose early in the church's life. There were organizational meetings to choose officers and to discuss plans for education, worship, and mission. Meeting places were chosen, financial problems were faced, and orders of ministry were established. It is clear from all this that the church cannot function without institutional structures. But the New Testament Christians usually kept a proper sense of perspective in their attitude toward the church as community and as institution. The community of faith, called into being by God as the context for giving life to the world, was first in their thinking. The structures were important only as a means of supporting and expressing the inner life of the community.

Guidelines for Renewal

Applied to our own situation, the record of Acts furnishes us with an invaluable guideline for renewal in the local church. Each parish is first of all a community of persons called together by the grace of God in Jesus Christ. Each person who responds to this call positions himself to receive new life from God in a special way. This new life includes an awareness of the meaning of

existence and the strength to love others in a creative way. It also includes freedom from bondage to the past, the ability to live deeply into the present, and the assurance of hope for the future.

Today's Church: Institution or Community?

Sadly, however, many a local parish is more of a religious institution than a community of faith. We have allowed ourselves to become so involved with buildings and budgets and other institutional demands that we have no time left to be the church!

In a Midwestern city I recently expressed my concern about this to a large gathering of persons who had been watching our television program for several weeks. During the question period which followed, a woman jumped to her feet to make a speech. She said she had been active in the church all her life, teaching in the Sunday school, serving on countless committees, and presiding over the women's society. Now she was angry because she realized that the church's institutional demands had killed her devotional life and taken away her feeling of God's presence. The striking thing about this experience was that the whole crowd of over a thousand persons broke into wild supportive applause, all agreeing with her, all saying, "We've had it" with the church in its present form.

But this is why the current renewal of the church is so encouraging and why the guidelines in the Book of Acts are so important. Your church can be the life-giving community God intends for it to be. You can find new meaning for your life, new health for your mind and body, and new depths of love in all your relationships. You can also find new ways of ministering to those around you, and you can identify with the power of God at work in the world to overcome evil and bring peace and brotherhood. All this is possible for you in and through your church.

In the future we will discuss in more specific ways the intentions of God for the church as reflected in the Book of Acts. Any such discussion, however, depends upon our understanding the difference between the church as community and the church as institution, and upon our ability to keep the two in proper perspective. The building, the budget, the committees, and other institutional forms are valid only when they express the true life of the community of faith. They are to be treated as means to an end and not as ends in themselves.

Nothing we can do today is of greater value than the kinds of involvement in our churches which keep the institutional forms in proper perspective, making it possible for God to give his power and love to us and to others through the life-giving community of Christ. □

ALCHEMY

By Maureen Cannon

Black branches stitched
With white, and white
On white the birches,
Icy bright,
Bewitched and silent . . .

Suddenly
A sound of winter's
Children, free
At last, and racing
Homeward. High,
Alive, their laughter
Tears the sky
Wide open, wrenches
From its spell
The sleeping street . . .
And carousels
Of tiny figures,
Spinning, shake
A secret, silent
World awake!





In a school in Soochow students embroider a large picture of Chairman Mao as a young man.

China Today

By HELEN JOHNSON
Associate Editor, *Together*

With the seating of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations and carefully choreographed gestures of friendship being exchanged between Chinese and United States leaders, Americans are beginning to see a little light under the bamboo curtain.

The first thing many American Christians want to know is how many fellow Christians remain on the Chinese mainland after 22 years of communist rule during which Christians, Buddhists, and Muslims have been restricted, harassed, and finally driven underground.

United Methodists have a special interest in the answer because the denominations that now make up The United Methodist Church spent the major part of their foreign missions money in China for many years. When the People's Republic was established on October 1, 1949, more than 100,000 Methodists were spread throughout 10 provinces. Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Missions and a former missionary to China, says that information about what has happened to them and to other Chinese Christians—a total of 700,000 in all in 1949—is sketchy and contradictory.

Article 88 of the People's Republic's Constitution affirms that "citizens . . . of China enjoy freedom of religious belief," but does not mention freedom to practice or propagate religious belief. When the Central Com-

mittee of the Chinese Communist Party interpreted this constitutional provision for the Chinese Religious Affairs Bureau, it explained that people who believe in religion have freedom; people who do not believe in religion have freedom, including the freedom to be against religion; and people have freedom to change religious belief. The Central Committee also stated that no religious services could be held outside of specifically religious buildings such as churches, temples, or monasteries, on the grounds that such services would impair the freedom of nonbelievers.

In May, 1950, a group of Protestant Christians meeting with Premier Chou En-lai worked out a Christian Manifesto that said that since missionaries came from imperialistic countries, "Christianity consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, became related to imperialism." Churches that still relied on foreign personnel and financial aid were called upon to work out concrete plans to realize their objective of self-reliance within the shortest possible time, and by the end of 1951 there were practically no Protestant missionaries left in China. One missionary said: "It's no use staying. Mission buildings are taken over, some in part, some entirely. We can't go out to meet the people. No Chinese can safely come to the house to talk with us. By staying we'd make things still worse for the Christians."

Catholic missionaries stayed a little longer. There were 5,496 in China in 1948; in January, 1951, there were 3,222, and by the beginning of 1953 about 750. Less than 90 remained by the beginning of 1955. Many Catholic and Protestant missionaries alike were arrested, tried, and imprisoned for various periods.

Catholic missionaries had been in China since the 16th century. Protestant missionaries had been there since the 19th century. They had served faithfully and had formed close friendships with Chinese Christians, but in the 20th century during the four years of civil war that preceded the communist takeover many missionaries had openly supported the Nationalist Republic of China, headed by Chiang Kai-shek. President Chiang and his wife were Christians—Methodists. When the Nationalists were defeated by the Communists, Nationalist leaders fled to the island province of Taiwan, where they have continued to insist that the Republic of China is the legitimate government of all China.

The new communist government did not forget, either, that the Protestant missionaries had come to China with the "imperialist" western powers and that the customs and attitudes they brought with them were the customs and attitudes of countries that had forced China to sign unequal treaties that opened Chinese ports to opium and other trade and provided that their people not be tried by Chinese law.

The Communists didn't approve of religion anyway. They regarded it as a possibly "necessary product of a certain stage of human development." But they did not accept it as the ultimate Marxist goal, which is to put the good of the state above everything.

Chinese Christians found the going rough. The government took over church school and hospital buildings in 1951 and 1952. Many were turned into meeting halls, schools, hospitals, and granaries. Members could use church buildings only on Sundays, for one service, but they were not allowed to take down portraits of Mao

and Stalin during the services. Churches in rural areas were used frequently as granaries, which made Sunday services in them impossible. In an especially ugly period Chinese Christians were led to denounce one another.

Still, Protestantism in China remained in fairly good shape until the mid-fifties. Some churches that had been closed were allowed to reopen. During Chinese New Year in 1954 evangelistic meetings were held in several Shanghai churches.

Most Sunday schools stopped operating after 1958, and there has been little indication that youth fellowship and student conferences were able to continue after that year. Nanking Seminary still had 85 students in 1963. In 1964 there were only 25.

As late as 1966 there were churches open in China, but in 1966 the Cultural Revolution exploded. Envisioning themselves as "revolutionary rebels" dedicated to the elimination of old thought, old culture, old customs, and old habits, frenzied youths wearing red armbands—the Red Guard—closed churches and temples, destroyed furnishings, and burned Bibles, religious tracts, and other literature in bonfires built in the streets. They burst in upon Christian families, destroying furniture, confiscating books, records, jewelry, family letters, and keepsakes. Protestant leaders were sent to indoctrination camps.

By the end of 1966 few signs of Christian activity remained in China. Since then we have had to depend on the scattered reports of refugees for news. Some reports conflict with others.

An article in the September, 1971, issue of *Eternity* magazine by an unidentified "China watcher" claims that since communism came to power the number of Christians in China has approximately doubled. It describes house fellowships, or house churches, that meet secretly, speaks of hidden Bibles and of Christians who memorize whole passages of Scripture.

United Methodist minister and former China missionary Donald E. MacInnis, who is director of the China program of the National Council of Churches, doubts the *Eternity* report, which does not offer specific documentation. "We would be desperately eager to have evidence to support the author's unconditional declaration that 'the church is growing in unprecedented numbers,'" he says, "but we are unaware of any sources of information or direct contact with Christians in China that would make such statistical projections possible."

He has just returned from a year in Hong Kong during which he interviewed many refugees from the mainland and heard many intriguing individual stories. "We know the Christians are there," he says, "and they continue, but how many we don't know."

Another former missionary to China, 77-year-old Canadian Chester A. Ronning, recently spent a month in China and was able to visit the town deep in the interior where he had been born and had later served as a teaching missionary.

"The church is still standing," he reported in the August 18, 1971, issue of *The Lutheran*. "And it's in good repair. When I first looked at it, I thought the windows were boarded up, but they weren't. The blinds were closed."

The church building is not being used as a church. The Christians there, a small group of old people, meet in a guest room of the church. The school buildings in

which Mr. Ronning taught are standing, also, and the school is in operation—run, of course, by the government.

Mr. Ronning found several small groups of Christians who met in homes but little other evidence of Christianity. This disappointed him, but he is enthusiastic about the social and industrial progress China has made. "The social gospel, in many respects, is being practiced," he says.

United Church of Christ minister Raymond L. Whitehead and his wife, Rhea, were members of a delegation of the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars that visited China last summer. Stationed in Hong Kong, Mr. Whitehead is a staff member of the National Council of Churches' China program, but the Whiteheads did not enter China as representatives of the church.

During their 30 days there they met no Christians and saw no functioning churches or Christian institutions. In Peking they did find the Tung-szu Mosque open, and they talked with three imams. They were told that Peking has between 160,000 and 170,000 Muslims and that there are probably about 10 million Muslims in all of China. Some observers wonder if the Chinese government is lenient with the Muslim faith because it is eager for the goodwill of Muslim countries in Asia and Africa.

In an article in the October, 1971, issue of the *United Church Herald*, Mr. Whitehead tells of sitting in a meet-

ing room in Shansi Province drinking tea with the leader of the people's commune they were visiting. Rhea Whitehead asked their host if the building used to be the landlord's house. "No, it used to be the village temple," was the reply. "In those days we had gods, but the people suffered. Now we have no gods, but the people are happy and don't suffer."

Buddhism in China has been associated largely with superstition, and Buddhist temples remain closed. All over China today people are seeing a modern ballet depicting a landlord living in degenerate elegance, beating his servants, and burning incense to Buddha.

All travelers to China are impressed by the scientific and industrial advances made in the 22 years since the People's Republic of China was established. Dirt and hunger have been conquered, and the Chinese people are energetic and self-confident. All this, the Chinese will tell you, is a result of the correct application of the thought of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. This thought can be found expressed on posters, over loudspeakers, and in a little red book that is seldom out of reach of any Chinese. A remarkable blend of puritanical moralism, the Protestant ethic of hard work, Marxism, and common sense, this little book is consulted for the correct Marxist approach to all practical problems.

Mao, born a Buddhist, is an atheist with a practical, secular world view. There are religious aspects to the people's veneration of him, but in recent months these have been discouraged, and many pictures of him that once plastered public places have disappeared. The emphasis now is on the "living study and application of Mao Tse-tung thought."

Actually the Chinese people have not been particularly religious through their 4,000 years of recorded history. Confucianism, which has played a part in the shaping of their character, was rooted in humanism and offered a system for ethical living rather than genuine religious belief. Taoism, also indigenous to China, seeks the natural way and allows actions to develop spontaneously.

Feudalism, wars, rebellions, invasions, and the ravaging of warlords, drought, and floods have made the Chinese self-reliant, practical, and resilient, and it is these qualities that the thought of Mao Tse-tung calls forth.

"The people of China feel that the land reforms and redistribution of wealth carried out by Chairman Mao have given them in this life what religion once offered them in the next," says another recent China visitor, the Rev. Hosea Williams, program director for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Asked about the possibility that missionaries might return, he said, "The word 'missionary' is a nasty word in China. The people equate missionary work with imperialism. The Chinese are not alone in this; during my visit to 12 African states before going to China I found that Africans were very antimissionary."

In spite of the Communists' view of them, it was the churches in the United States that took the lead in calling for the seating of the People's Republic in the United Nations, accomplished finally on Oct. 25, 1971. One of the earliest seating advocacies came from the National Council of Churches' Fifth World Order Study Conference in 1958. A policy statement on China adopted by the



Ray and Rhea Whitehead found Peking's T'ien An Men Square relatively quiet, but on a holiday it can hold a million people. Behind them is the Gate of Heavenly Peace, built by a Ming emperor five and a half centuries ago as the entrance to the Imperial City. Now it is the symbol of modern China.



When 77-year-old Chester A. Ronning got off the train at Fancheng, young people greeted him. This was the town where he had been born and later had taught in a mission school.

General Board of the National Council in February, 1966, reiterated the belief that the People's Republic of China should have full participation within the framework of international institutions.

A background paper on United States policy toward China and the responsibility of the church was prepared in early 1971 by a joint panel of the United Methodist Boards of Missions and Christian Social Concerns. Although not a policy statement, it took the position that "The People's Republic of China is the legitimate government of China, and should be recognized as such in all international organizations." It went on to say, "The Republic of China on Taiwan is a minority government which represents neither the Chinese people as a whole nor the majority of people on Taiwan, and the U.S. should withdraw its political and military support."

The question of whether the island of Taiwan should be recognized as Chinese territory or as an independent entity, the United Methodist paper said, "is primarily one between the people on Taiwan and the people on the mainland."

This background paper does not see China as the "yellow peril" we once feared, noting that the People's Republic of China has maintained itself in power for over 20 years, has improved the lot of its citizens, and that there are good reasons to think that it has the support of most of them.

The background paper also weighs the threatening

rhetoric of the People's Republic of China against its actions: "In the period since 1949, China has sent troops outside her border on three occasions: in Korea in 1952, in Tibet in 1960, and in India during 1962. In each of these cases the United States branded China as the aggressor . . . but in each case the passage of time has revealed new information which clouds the accuracy of these claims."

Dr. MacInnis told members of a study group at the annual meeting of the United Methodist Board of Missions in October that "the first task of the church is to support all efforts leading toward normalization of relations with China. Beyond that, we should study the Chinese situation today, the origins of the Chinese revolution, the experience of the church, the critique of religion, and the theological implications of Maoist goals and values in the drive to transform man and society. . . . It is highly possible that the Chinese will have discovered solutions to the human and social problems in the modernizing process that will open holes in the technological walls closing in on people in the advanced industrial nations."

He pointed out that as barriers to travel are lowered, Christians will be going to China as members of visiting tour groups, and Chinese will be visiting us. "Over time, contact will be established with the church in China and Christian fellowship will be established. Until then, the time and mode of that restored fellowship will remain a matter of faith and hope." □

The gap narrows between children
who need homes and the people who want
to become their parents.

The New Face of Adoption

By HELEN JOHNSON
Associate Editor, *Together*

LOVE AND PRIDE fairly leap from the eyes of parents watching the small black-skinned boy at play, but you might find it hard to recognize them. They are the fair-haired couple sitting on the park bench.

At the swings, a young woman energetically pushes her blue-eyed daughter. There is no husband or father with them. They are mother and daughter by adoption, and the mother is single. As they walk away together, it is noticeable that the little girl limps.

Transracial adoption and adoption by single parents are among new ways that children who need families are being placed with parents who want them. Some social workers think these are not perfect answers, that ideally a child should have a family of his own race, and two parents instead of one. But in spite of an upsurge of people wanting to adopt children and a shortage of children to adopt, there are many difficulties involved in getting children and adoptive parents together.

Although the availability of children varies from locality to locality, white babies are in very short supply everywhere according to Merlin Outcalt, director of consultation services for The United Methodist Church's Board of Health and Welfare Ministries. There are black children and mixed-race children who still need families, and there are families who want them, but the problem is getting them together, he says.

Social workers feel a terrible pressure to do this as soon as possible. Adoption applicants almost invariably set out to adopt "a baby," and while they may be persuaded to take an older infant, even a two-year-old may be considered "too old." Consequently, there is no shortage of older children, even of groups of brothers and sisters who could provide "instant families" for couples who would take them. For these children there simply are not enough takers.

The federal government estimates that there are at least 60,000 children in this country who need adoptive parents. The Child Welfare League of America puts the figure at 80,000 nonwhite children, and says there are possibly 110,000 more children in foster homes and institutions who have not been adopted because of legal or other complications.

The Child Welfare League, through its Adoption Resources Exchange of North America (ARENA), circulates lists of available children and families to adoption agencies throughout the United States and Canada, and in the four years of ARENA's existence it has been responsible for the placement of more than 600 children. Right now, says Linda Johnston, ARENA's associate director, it has run out of infants of all kinds. "But we work very much with older children," she says, and it is these that ARENA is emphasizing currently.

The Child Care Association of Illinois also has begun circulating lists of available children, with pictures, to Illinois agencies.

If an older child has a physical or emotional handicap, his chances of adoption are very small, although most infants with correctible handicaps are placed without trouble. In a number of states, financial aid is available to the parents who adopt children who are going to have



to have expensive treatment or other specialized care.

In 11 states subsidized adoption has broadened the range of families with whom children may be placed. Support payments make it possible to place a child with a low-income family, or even a welfare family, that can give it a good and loving home but otherwise could not afford to adopt it.

"We had to sell subsidized adoption to the Illinois legislature on the basis of cost—it costs less than caring for a child in a foster home," say the Rev. D. Coyd Taggart, executive director of Lake Bluff/Chicago Homes for Children, a United Methodist child-care agency that helped push the legislature.

Whatever its reason for existence, subsidized adoption is a real breakthrough, and so is the permanent placement of children in foster homes. There are many children who cannot be adopted for legal or other reasons, and sometimes they are shifted from foster home to foster home until they have no real feeling of belonging. Now the trend is to place them in permanent foster homes where they and their foster families can allow themselves to love each other without fear of future separation.

Lake Bluff/Chicago Homes for Children is a prototype of the kind of child-care agency we are likely to see in the future. It has no central residence for mothers, no nursery for babies. It supplies counseling services to unmarried prospective mothers, and if they decide to keep their babies, as more and more unmarried mothers are doing, it continues to counsel them, and it provides foster day care for their children if they need it to be able to go to work.

If mothers decide to allow their children to be adopted, Lake Bluff/Chicago handles the adoption. Often a baby will go directly from the hospital to the adoptive parents waiting for it. At other times, it goes first to a foster home. The only group homes Lake Bluff/Chicago operates are for older children who have problems demanding the help of houseparents with special training. Even these homes are family sized, with about six children each.

The Methodist Mission Home of Texas, in San Antonio, operates more traditionally. An average of 50 expectant mothers live on its seven-building campus for three to four months before the birth of their babies. This is a smaller number than the home has served in the past, but even with fewer babies for placement, administrator Spencer L. Stockwell says it places close to 200 children a year. It does not place black children in white homes, nor white children in black homes. Black families are found for all the black children the home has available, Dr. Stockwell says.

In Texas, as in other parts of the country, there has been a sharp increase in the number of couples wanting to adopt babies, and Dr. Stockwell says that they are willing to take almost any kind of babies. It may take two years before the home can get to the interviews that are necessary to process applications, and after acceptance a couple is likely to have to wait still another year before it gets its baby.

Another United Methodist agency, Hillcrest Services, Dubuque, Iowa, still offers residential care for 20 to 25 expectant mothers, but it also places mothers in private homes if they need somewhere to live while they wait for their babies to be born.

The Babyfold, Normal, Ill., also a United Methodist

child-care agency, used to have a nursery but does not have one anymore. Babies either go directly from the hospital to adoptive parents or are put into foster homes a few days after birth.

Last year, 2,200 black children were adopted nationwide by white parents. In Oregon, Washington, Wisconsin, and Minnesota more black babies were adopted by white families in 1970 than by black families. But an increasing number of black families are applying to adopt black children, and some social workers believe that transracial adoption may soon become rare.

In the meantime, however, white babies available for adoption are so rare that many agencies even refuse to take applications for them. In some areas couples are paying large sums to lawyers or physicians who can find a child for them.

There are several reasons for the baby shortage. Fewer infants are being born outside of marriage today because an increasing number of unmarried women are using contraceptives or, if they do become pregnant, are having abortions. Also, more and more unmarried mothers are choosing to keep their children. Having a child without being married does not have the same social stigma it used to have.

At the same time, many young married couples have become so concerned about the rate of population growth that they have decided to adopt their families instead of having children of their own.

In view of this situation it may seem paradoxical that adoption agencies are relaxing the requirements adoptive families must meet, approving of transracial adoption or adoption by single men and women, and trying in every possible way to place every adoptable child as quickly as possible. But all social workers are painfully aware that the older a child grows the harder it is to find parents for him.

It may seem paradoxical, too, that more and more foster homes are needed for adoptable and nonadoptable children. But the days of the orphanage are passing into history—and good riddance, most experts feel, for even the smallest human being does not flourish in an institution.

Like adoptive parents, foster families must be able to take the child of strangers and love it and care for it as their own. But foster parents must go a step farther: the love and care they give the child has to be given in the knowledge that the child may be theirs only for a short time and inevitably will go on to other parents.

Adoption laws vary widely from state to state as the nation became painfully aware when New York State's highest court ordered Mr. and Mrs. Nick DeMartino to return to her biological mother a baby girl named Lenore whom they thought they were adopting. Instead, the DeMartinos moved to Florida, where the governor refused to grant extradition. The basis for the court decision was that New York law provides for the return of a child to a natural parent at any time until the adoption is final, and in New York adoption takes a minimum of six months.

Sixteen states provide some way of severing all legal ties between natural parent and child before the child is offered for adoption, but in 34 states cases like the DeMartinos' could happen again. The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Health, Educa-

Brotherhood

Together's

16th Annual

Photo Invitational

*Help thy brother's boat across, and
lo! thine own has reached the shore.*
—Old Hindu Proverb

APPROACHED by a beggar on the street, the great Russian writer Turgenev searched his own pockets and found them empty. Embarrassed, he pressed the beggar's dirty, trembling hand and said: "Do not be angry with me, brother, I have nothing with me." The beggar smiled: "You called me brother," he said. "That was indeed a gift."

If you had been present with your color camera during this encounter between Turgenev and the beggar you could have recorded one meaning of "brotherhood." But, of course, there are many other shades of meaning, all within the central teachings of Jesus—equality before God, dignity of human personality, the Golden Rule.

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tion, and Welfare would like to see a uniform national process in which no child is offered for adoption until there is no legal possibility that it could be taken away from its adoptive parents.

In New Jersey last year, a judge told a couple they could not adopt a child because they do not believe in God. Mr. and Mrs. John Burke appealed this decision to the New Jersey Supreme Court, which reversed it, upholding the right of atheists to adopt children. Mr. Burke insisted that far from denying the child religious exposure, he and his wife would have her exposed to Christianity and other religions as well.

Denominational children's agencies are likely to place Catholic babies in Catholic homes, Protestant babies in Protestant homes, Jewish babies in Jewish homes, where all other things are equal, but all good agencies weigh every aspect of placement, and many state laws now require religious matching only "wherever practicable." United Methodist child-care agencies generally do not require the same religion, nor that adopting parents be United Methodists.

In the past, adoption agencies sealed all knowledge of a child's biological parents from his adoptive parents, and all knowledge of his new identity from his biological parents. Now some agencies tell each set of parents, natural and adoptive, as much as they can about each other without betraying identities. Some social workers are beginning to think that even this is not enough because many adopted children sooner or later experience an overwhelming need to know who they are and who their natural parents are. And certainly it is a rare woman who can give birth to a child without becoming unendingly concerned about its welfare.

How these needs to know can be satisfied without danger to the adoptive relationship, or if they can be satisfied, is still in the future. So are the solutions to many other problems that make it difficult to bridge the gap between children who need parents and parents who want them, but social workers and child-care agencies, including United Methodist groups, are working hard on them, and in the last few years significant progress has been made. □



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TV & Films

IN 1820 IN A LETTER to William Jarvis, Thomas Jefferson wrote, "I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion."

Had Mr. Jefferson lived for another six score and ten years, he would have witnessed the birth of a new communications technology, and the creation of an incredible system for informing the discretion of the people. He would have seen his successors in government licensing the managers of this system and decreeing that they should broadcast in "the public interest, convenience and necessity." He might at times have agreed with some critics of American television who believe that most of what goes on the air is broadcast in the interest, convenience and necessity of manufacturers and advertisers in America, to the exclusion of the needs of the people, or the republic. At least, he would have had pause to wonder if this system is really living up to its promise for "informing discretion."

Dissatisfaction with our current system of broadcast communications, and a groping toward alternative systems has become fairly general.

Item. This year the Federal Communications Commission has required the networks each evening to turn back a half hour of prime time to the local stations with the hope that locally originated programming may emerge to assist in informing local discretion.

Item. The Public Broadcast Service is under attack from a number of quarters for seeming to try to create a fourth network, rather than encouraging local autonomy and program origination.

Item. Spearheaded by Action for Children's Television (ACT), voices from a number of quarters are seriously proposing that all advertising be eliminated from children's programming on television.

Item. A number of seers have peered into their crystal balls and have announced that the coming of cable television will toll the death knell for commercial network TV as we have known it.

In the opinion of this observer, there is one fatal flaw in each of these items, and that flaw is spelled *m-o-n-e-y*. It takes a fantastic amount of it to produce quality programs for television, be they news, cultural, or entertainment. (This also applies for mediocre mass entertainment programs.) The only way which has been discovered to date to provide such amounts of money is by reaching the largest possible audience. If the broadcaster can provide the viewers, then the advertiser is willing to pay the bill, and incidentally to ballyhoo his product via commercials.

In the light of this production cost factor, no proposal advanced to date stands a chance of improving our television communication system. The crux of the matter is that there is a head-on collision between pressures for decentralizing control of broadcasting, and the requirement that there be a mass audience in order to generate sufficient money to provide even the possibility of quality programming on a sustained basis.

Money for production is an acute problem for public as well as for commercial broadcasting. Pressures to decentralize the Public Broadcast Service may provide more local programming, but most of it will lack quality. Shows like *Civilization*, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, *Julia Child*, and *Sesame Street* have succeeded only because they could command mass audiences. Funding sources are not likely to provide for purely local productions.

For a variety of reasons, religious programs on networks have been assiduously separated from commercial sponsorship—and lacking funding they have been consigned to those marginally attractive viewing times which are known as the "ghetto" of broadcasting. Divorce commercial sponsorship from such programming and you will see most programming for children disappear into a children's ghetto.

I am far less sanguine than most of my colleagues in church-related broadcasting regarding the ultimate potential of cable television. As Robert Lewis Shayon, television editor of *Saturday Review*, recently warned, "a steady diet of locally produced, narrow-interest, low-budget programming envisioned for cable television will fail to attract audiences."

So the question remains—how can our system of mass television communication better live up to its promise for "informing the discretion" of all our citizens? I have no ready answers, but wouldn't it be a great thing to see the leaders of the church taking initiative to call together the leaders of broadcasting, government, the voluntary groups in the private sector, education leaders, and others to discuss this theme?

—David O. Poindexter

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Dec. 21, 7:30-8 p.m., EST an ABC—*A Christmas Carol*. Animated version of the Dickens classic.

Dec. 21, 8-9 p.m., EST an ABC—*Giant Devil Fish*. Jacques Cousteau and a giant octopus.

Dec. 21, 9-10 p.m., EST an ABC—*Getting There First: The American Experience*. Same of the things Americans did first.

Dec. 21, 10-11 p.m., EST an ABC—Danny Thomas and Tennessee Ernie Ford examine merits of country versus city living.

Dec. 22, time to be announced, an NBC—Viet Nam Special.

Dec. 24, 1-2 p.m., EST an CBS—Children's Film Festival, *Boy With Glasses*.

Jan. 1, all day, all channels—

parades and football games.

Jan. 11, time to be announced, on NBC—*Suffer the Little Children*.

Jan. 12, 9-10 p.m., EST an CBS—*Second Super Comedy Bowl*.

Jan. 16, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST an NBC—*The Spring*. Documentary of African animal life around a spring in a Kenya desert. Cliff Robertson hosts.

Jan. 17, 8-9 p.m., EST an NBC—*S'Wonderful, S'Morvelous, S'Gershwin*, with Fred Astaire, Ethel Merman, and Leslie Uggams.

Jan. 18, 12:30-1 p.m., EST an CBS—*Galileo an You Are There*.

Jan. 25, 12:30-1 p.m., EST an CBS—*Torment of Joon of Arc an You Are There*.

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

The French Connection (R)—Major dope shipment from France to New York is intercepted by detectives, and the smugglers are arrested. A thriller of the *Bullit* type which races to a wild conclusion, praposing along the way that police are mean but dedicated. Suitable of this type for adults and youth, but too complicated and bloody for pre-high-schoolers.

Cisco Pike (GP)—Screen vehicle for singer Kris Kristofferson in a role as a fallen rock singer peddling drugs in Las Angeles. Sound-track has some of his best-known numbers, including *Silver Tongued*

Devil. Attitude toward drug use is too uncritical for younger viewers. A policeman (Gene Hackman) is presented as the source of a big grass sale, providing a negative police image which is also questionable for younger viewers.

T. R. Baskin (GP)—Small-town girl from Ohio goes to Chicago and discovers that big corporations are heartless, men are selfish and she is lonely. Some good dialogue that fails to properly reveal character. Good location shots of Chicago. Plot, centering on call-girl episode, limits audience to adults and older youth. □

Jesus Movement Analyzed; Superstar' Triply Chastised

Among questions up for grabs is the excitement and uncertainty over the Jesus Movement and its musical *Messiah* are:

1. What effect is the movement having on student dissent?

2. Why do most Jesus People come from the suburbs?

A Harvard medical school psychiatrist thinks he has the answer to the question about dissent.

Dr. Armand M. Nicholi said that some leaders who caused disorders at Harvard and elsewhere were forced to leave college. While they were away, he continued, some dissenters "embraced the Christian faith."

"It's interesting to see how they have changed," he said. "Their intense social concerns have by no means diminished, but their methods of expressing these concerns have altered quite radically."

Speaking to Christian scholars from 41 campuses, Dr. Nicholi listed several factors as encouraging today's Christian revival. One such factor, he said, is "poor impulse control," which he related to "the envious role of the father in the modern home."

"It is interesting," said the psychiatrist, "how frequently conflicts with the father and intense ambivalence toward authority occur among the youth. This fact may shake Christianity with its nuclear father-son relationship and its provision of strong, forgiving, accepting father emotionally appealing."

He said that psychiatrists also have noticed among youth the strong need to find a means of coping with guilt, to find a moral framework that will give meaning to life, to find some means of loving others and of establishing what he called the psychological determinants of "this recent spiritual quest."

Speaking to a different forum, a theologian said that most Jesus People come from the suburbs because suburban ideology is bankrupt and the Jesus Movement gives suburban youth a sense of purpose.

The suburbs, according to Dr.

Victor Obenhaus of Chicago Theological Seminary, have become "a retreat from certain values held highly in the 18th and 19th centuries."

As a result, he said, old, established strengths no longer apply, and sexual experimentation and deviation have followed. "The fact of sin, to use an old-fashioned term, has been eliminated for many suburbanites," he said.

At still another session a university chaplain said that the chief problem of youth today "is the incapacity to feel."

Father W. Dayton Salisbury noted that the generation of the 1920s had a sexual problem, that of the '30s had a problem of hostility, that of the '40s a problem of anxiety, and that of the '50s had an identity problem.

Youth today "are like a living machine," said Father Salisbury, "a grim generation who will talk about violence and injustice and may even demonstrate against them, but will have little feeling for others. They hate war because it interferes with their plans."

Father Salisbury, a Roman Catholic chaplain at Texas Southern University, said youth need a "sense of belonging" and that they cannot be taught religion intellectually.

Even the rock opera, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, was found wanting—musically, dramatically, and religiously—when its stage production opened in New York.

Malcolm Boyd, an Episcopal priest, writer, and sometime entertainer, said the show bears little resemblance to the New Testament. He said *Superstar* seems to make Jews again guilty of causing Jesus' death. That point was echoed by an analysis prepared for the American Jewish Committee. The committee's report said *Superstar* is potentially harmful as an instrument of anti-Jewish prejudice and that it is possibly a backward step on the road toward improved Jewish-Christian relations.

Walter Kerr of *The New York Times*

aimed his critical attack at the show's producer, Tom O'Horgan, calling his work "conceived" but "not an immaculate conception."

The *Times* music critic, Harold Schonberg, noted that the "revolutionary" aspect of rock was not in the music "which generally was elementary" but in the lyrics dealing with war, alienation, and such issues. On that aspect both Father Boyd and Mr. Kerr found *Superstar* a failure.

Mr. Kerr added, "I have not seen any of the concert versions that have been touring the country, but I suspect that—having less money to spend and perhaps no O'Horgan of their own—they may be, in their enforced austerity, much better."



A ministry on wheels was carried out last summer in Paducah, Ky., by Gront T. Bright, Jr. Each evening for a month he donned a clerical collar, a crash helmet with a cross on it, and rode to a shopping center parking lot where he "rapped" with young people. Mr. Bright, formerly director of a county youth bureau, this fall entered Emory University's Conder School of Theology in Atlanta, Ga.

SOCIAL CONCERNS BOARD FOCUSES ON EDUCATION

Public and private education were separate yet interrelated objects of action at the recent United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns annual meeting.

The board voted its opposition to the proposed amendment to the U.S. Constitution to allow prayers in public schools. Such action, said the board, "would seriously jeopardize the traditional separation of church and state, erode guarantees of the First Amendment, and cause substantial and unnecessary divisiveness in the religious community." The move was later blocked by the House of Representatives.

The principle of church-state separation also lay behind the board's opposition to an educational voucher plan being considered by Congress. Under this plan public funds presumably could be channeled to either a private or parochial school designated by a parent.

Also on school finances the board proposed doing away with the real estate tax as a major source. A different tax base which would not "discriminate against adequate support of public schools in poorer districts" and which would distribute state funds to school districts "equitably" was backed.

In its call for relieving real estate as a prime school tax base the board presaged by nearly one month a similar call from the U.S. Office of Education based on a \$2 million study. The federal agency said that its call for a shift from the property tax to state and federal funds is based on the twin views that the property tax has run dry and is unfair.

Not quite so timely was the board's call for the President to consider appointing a woman to the Supreme Court. President Nixon later nominated two men.

On a subject familiar to board discussion and action, the Social Concerns unit called for withdrawal of all American troops and air power from Southeast Asia, an immediate ceasefire based on announcement of U.S. withdrawal, and termination of military assistance to the Saigon government. Warmly debated but left in the resolution was the assertion that the United States "bears primary responsibility for the fact that war continues in Southeast Asia and for the enormity of its scope."

The board retained a New York law firm in response to a \$1.5

million lawsuit filed against the board in a U.S. District Court. The suit involves the board's participation in distribution of a private report on the Kent State shootings of 1970. In the suit an Ohio National Guardsman alleges that he was libeled in the report which claims that some Guardsmen conspired to shoot into the crowd of students.

'TOGETHER' EDITOR GIVEN ADDITIONAL POST

Among personnel changes announced at the annual Board of Publication meeting was the appointment of Dr. Curtis A. Chambers as acting editorial director of *Together* and *Christian Advocate* effective January 1.

Dr. Chambers, editor of *Together* since 1969, will continue in that role. In his new position he succeeds Dr. Ewing T. Wayland who resigned to join the staff of the Council on World Service and Finance as acting associate general secretary and comptroller.



Before joining *Together's* staff, Dr. Chambers served as editor of *Church and Home*, book editor, and adult curriculum publications editor for the former Evangelical United Brethren

Church. He also was co-editor of the Plan of Union for the Methodist and EUB Churches and *The Book of Discipline* for The United Methodist Church.

In other changes the board named Dr. H. Thornton Fowler associate publisher of The Methodist Publishing House. Publishing house representative since 1969, Dr. Fowler succeeded Dr. George M. Curry who retired after serving on the house staff since 1958.

Dr. Henry M. Bullock announced his planned June resignation as general secretary of the Board of Education's Division of Curriculum Resources to return to the pastorate.

Dr. Bullock was elected to that position in the former Methodist Church in 1952 and confirmed by the Board of Publication. A joint committee has been appointed to nominate his successor.

Despite work force reductions, publishing house officials reported an increase in minority employment: from 16.02 percent of 2,146 employees last year to 17.1 percent of 1,865 employees in 1970.

United Methodists in the News

Named president-elect of the International Association of Human Rights Workers was the Rev. Fred Cloer, executive director of the Metropolitan Human Relations Commission, Nashville, Tenn., and a member of the Tennessee Annual Conference.

A summer enrichment program sponsored by East Lake United Methodist Church in Atlanta, Ga., was praised by President Richard Nixon. The program, which taught reading skills to 87 grade-school youngsters, was commended in a letter to the pastor, the Rev. Phillip H. Barnhart.

Stanley E. McCaffrey, president of the San Francisco Bay Area Council and an executive with 25 years experience in business, education, a government, has been named president of United Methodist-religious University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif.

The annual Human Relations Award of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Jewish Committee went to Dr. Franklin Littell and Dr. and Mrs. A. Roy Eckardt for "furthering Christian understanding of the state of Israel and improving Christian-Jewish relations." Dr. Littell, a member of the Iowa Annual Conference, is professor of religious studies and director of graduate religious studies at Temple University in Philadelphia. Dr. Eckardt is chairman of the department of religion at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., and a member of the New York Conference.

Robert L. Johnson, Wesley Foundation director at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, has been elected president of the National Campus Ministry Association.

"America's best local [television] program in the interest of youth," according to the American Legion Auxiliary, is *Turn On*, produced by the Rev. Daniel C. Steere, minister of youth at First United Methodist Church in Houston, Texas. The Golden Mike Award went to Mr. Steere for his teen-age public affairs program which presents "raps" or discussion on any subject however controversial.

DEATHS: Edwin L. Jones, Sr., of Charlotte, N.C., former treasurer and member of the executive committee of the World Methodist Council and member of the Council on World Service and Finance. He built J. A. Jones Construction Co. into one of the world's leading contracting firms.



There's a new twist to athletics on two United Methodist-related campuses this year. At left, chemistry instructor Thomas Conally takes a course in archery as part of Operation School Bell at High Point (N.C.) College. He and 13 other instructors signed up for instruction in fields entirely unrelated to their professions. Giving him a few elbow instructions is physical education instructor Betty Jae Christman, whose own School Bell course is in income tax accounting. At right, Betty Jackie Christman elbowed her own way into the male-dominated game of basketball by winning a place on the Puerto Rican girls' team in the Caribbean and Central American Basketball Tournament. She's a music major at DePauw University in Greencastle, Ind., and she learned her athletic skills from her father, the Rev. Narman Christman, a United Methodist minister and athletic director at missions-related Robinson School near San Juan, Puerto Rico.

PUBLISHING HOUSE REPORTS 1970-71 PROFIT

The financial picture for The Methodist Publishing House is looking brighter.

The 1970-71 net profit of \$663,718 was better than a \$2 million improvement over the previous year's \$1.4 million loss. And publishing house officials are projecting a greater net income for fiscal 1971-72—\$1,098,578.

At the annual meeting of the board of Publication, governing body of the House, President and publisher Jahn E. Procter said the financial improvement for the publishing house resulted from reductions in operating and administrative expenses, particularly a dramatic reduction in number of employees.

During the past year net sales of products amounted to \$33,067,051, an increase of \$583,509.

Sale of books and supplies continued to climb, but church-school literature declined. Mr. Procter attributed this drop to a "slowdown

in the general economic posture, further decline in church-school enrollment and attendance, and noticeable dissatisfaction with content reinforced by the aggressive attack upon materials by dissonant groups within the church."

Publishing house officials are "cautiously optimistic," he said, that planned changes in content, interpretation, and promotion will reverse the trend.

A committee has been established to study the future of *Together* and *Christian Advocate*, general church periodicals which annually receive House subsidies from \$350,000 to \$500,000. Cutbacks in specifications on formats, publishing frequency, and complimentary distribution contributed to a \$165,000 improvement over 1969-70 losses.

In other financial actions the board approved a \$33,158,869 budget for 1971-72 and agreed to contribute its total 1970-71 net income of \$663,718 to the pension program for ministers and their dependents.

SCHOOLS SET SIGHTS TO RAISE \$400 MILLION

In January, 1973, more than 100 United Methodist-related colleges will launch a campaign to run three to five years with what they hope is \$400 million in it for them.

Leading to the actual fund drive will be an intensive advertising and promotion campaign during 1972. It will utilize routine school channels such as newsletters and alumni mailings, but it also will seek to place broadcasts on public service time and advertising and articles in national journals.

One United Methodist education official termed the campaign unprecedented in the history of church-related higher education in the United States.

A Baltimore firm specializing in institutional communications designed the campaign. Expenses will be shared by the participating schools and by the National Methodist Foundation for Christian Higher Education.

In addition to the campaign's financial goals, United Methodist educators agreed that their schools must refocus their educational mission on development of human values and meeting of social needs rather than on intellectual quests alone.

While the 102 schools—82 senior colleges and 20 junior colleges—got their campaign under way, one United Methodist school stood to receive \$90,500 from a contested source.

Western Maryland College in Westminster, Md., would receive that as its portion of \$1.7 million in state aid recently voted by the Maryland legislature at the request of the governor. Only restriction is that the money not be used for seminary or theological studies.

Maryland's attempts to aid private colleges in the state date to 1966 when they were stopped by a court order. Two organizations, Americans United for Separation of Church and State and the American Civil Liberties Union, have announced that they will fight the latest awards.

Gov. Marvin Mandel defended the grants with the contention that private colleges are an integral part of the higher education system.

CHURCHMEN RESPOND TO MAGAZINE'S ATTACKS

Blatant criticism of the World Council of Churches (WCC) by *Reader's Digest* magazine for making grants to liberation groups in southern Africa has met strong opposition from United Methodists and other leading U.S. churchmen.

Bishop Roy C. Nichols of United Methodism's Pittsburgh Area and a member of WCC's executive committee which made the 1970 grants said the WCC was not supporting violence. "Rather it is continuing its ministry in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord in registering the support of the churches with those members of the family of God who are being subjected to racial injustice," the bishop explained.

Heads of the Episcopal Church, the Lutheran Church in America, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., and the American Lutheran Church all issued statements refuting the magazine's criticisms.

The WCC was attacked in the October and November issues of *Reader's Digest* in articles titled *Must Our Churches Finance Revolution?* and *Which Way The World Council of Churches?*

The October article asserts among its criticisms that "preaching the gospel of racial justice, the WCC is using church power and church funds to back insurrection in the United States and Africa. Is this what Christ taught?"

The November issue blasts the WCC for admitting "Soviet-bloc" churches, suggesting that WCC gave them virtual control of the world body. Both articles were written by *Digest* roving reporter Clarence Hall.

The most vehement disagreement came from the executive secretary of the WCC's New York office, Dr. Eugene L. Smith, a member of United Methodism's Northern New Jersey Annual Conference. He denied Mr. Hall's accusations in a five-page report in which he termed as "untrue" charges that Iron Curtain churches control the WCC.

Said Dr. Smith, "In eight years of membership in the WCC, the Russian Orthodox Church has had many disagreements with the council over policies adopted."

The *Digest* writer also criticized the WCC for a \$25,000 shipment of medical supplies and equipment for Vietnamese villages under Viet Cong control.

Dr. Smith countered, "He does not mention that the WCC channeled more than \$1 million in supplies into South Viet Nam through

Vietnam Christian Service and Asian Christian Service."

"What is regrettable," Dr. Smith added, "is not the *Digest's* disagreement with the action, but its unsubstantiated charges, misstatements of fact, distorted reporting, quotation of statements out of context, and the degree of dependence for opinion upon unnamed persons."

At its recent semi-annual meeting, the Board of Missions of United Methodism adopted a statement supporting the WCC. The Program Council mailed a copy of Dr. Smith's rebuttals and of other WCC-supportive material to all United Methodist ministers.

CHURCH 'HIGH COURT' OKAYS BISHOPS' RULINGS

Within United Methodism the ultimate appeal of a bishop's decision is to the denomination's "supreme court" Judicial Council.

In a recent meeting the nine-member Council upheld six decisions by three bishops, all involving interpretations of church law.

Bishop W. Maynard Sparks of the Seattle and Portland Areas was upheld in two decisions: (1) that an annual conference must apportion to its member churches the full amount set for World Service

benevolences for 1971 and 1972 and (2) that an annual conference can overrule its own Board of Ministry concerning full membership and elder's orders for a pastor.

Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson of the Birmingham Area was upheld in three decisions: (1) that all ministerial members of an annual conference must have their salaries reported in the conference journal (book of record); (2) that all annual conference committees except those involving ministerial relations must include lay members; and (3) that an annual conference Committee of Investigation must be elected annually.

Bishop Cornelio M. Ferrer of the Philippines Annual Conference was upheld in his ruling that an annual conference lay member elected for four years has the right to complete the term unless he ceases to be a member of the charge electing him or unless he fails to serve.

Not all Judicial Council decisions involve appeals of rulings by bishops. In response to a request from the Central Illinois Conference, the Council said that a delegate to General Conference or to a jurisdictional conference must be at least age 21 at the time of his or her election rather than by the time of convening of the session for which the delegate was elected.



As a part of his protest against the Viet Nam war, the Rev. Doug Smith (right) of United Methodism's California-Nevada Annual Conference went last summer to the crest of northern California's 14,000-foot Mount Shasta and vowed to stay there a year. His action drew wide attention, including that of First United Methodist Church in Oakland, Calif., 300 miles away. The Oakland minister, the Rev. Don Cunningham (left) and some of his parishioners, including young Dwayne Long, spent a week on the mountain discussing what it meant for them to be Christian peacemakers. On their fourth day they climbed to the summit to talk with Mr. Smith. Some time later, bowing to pressures of friends and family, Mr. Smith left the mountain. "My mission," he said, "was to reawaken our Christian consciences towards the tragedy of suffering in Southeast Asia, as well as our continued responsibility for it."

U.S. and Missionaries: Is It More Blessed to Receive than to Send?

United Methodism's force of overseas missionaries will drop to 50 in 1972, a decrease of 450 since 1969. At the same time, however, a report given preliminary approval by the World Division of the denomination's Board of Missions calls for stronger efforts to bring Christians from other countries to serve as missionaries in the United States.

The report, aimed at "internationalization of missionary activity," also urges that overseas churches desiring U.S. missionaries be given a role in selecting the persons they want, that U.S. seminaries include more overseas persons on their faculties, and that mission activities increasingly be conducted ecumenically.

The report's general tone was to encourage independence of overseas churches and minimize influence of the Board of Missions on their internal affairs. U.S. missionaries would be placed on a more equal footing with Christians of the countries where they work.

These recommendations and others were presented as a task-force report to the World Division when that body and other units of the United Methodist Board of Missions met for their 1971 year-end reporting and budgeting session in Minneapolis. Action on the recommendations is expected to be completed when the board meets again in Dallas January 14-23.

Also up for further consideration in Dallas will be an even more controversial statement seeking changes in the board's relationship to Latin American churches.

The 56-page document, two years in preparation by a task force which included Latin American representatives, urges church support for social, political, and economic reform in Latin nations. Elements of the report were seen as a mandate for United Methodists in the U.S. to exert stronger influence on their government's policies in the Western Hemisphere.

A total budget of almost \$34.5 million was adopted by the board for 1972. This represented a decrease of \$2.2 million (5.8 percent) from the 1971 figure. The largest amount, \$19.4 million, will go to

overseas work through the World Division. The National Division is expected to spend \$11.6 million including Advance Special funds which are anticipated but not officially appropriated.

In separate sessions the Women's Division voted to ask the United Methodist 1972 General Conference to replace the presently separate Women's Society of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guild with "one new inclusive organization for women, with a new name." This action, if adopted by the General Conference at its April 16-28 meeting in Atlanta, would affect about 1.6 million members of 36,500 local society and guild organizations.

With women members among leading spokesmen, the full board strenuously urged the General Conference not to adopt any proposed restructuring plan which would separate the present units of the board and place them under other United Methodist agencies.

In other actions the women reaffirmed their division's 1969 call for removal of abortion regulations from criminal codes. They also called for education on human sexuality and legalization of voluntary sterilization.

The Women's Division and the National Division approved appropriations of \$10,000 each to support a new ecumenical ministry to returning war veterans and to war resisters and their families. Included in the total is \$3,000 from each division to set up an amnesty center to be operated in Ann Arbor, Mich., by the Rev. and Mrs. Dwight S. Large. Mr. Large is a board member.

Separately the National Division endorsed continuation of two programs—Black Community Developers and United Methodist Voluntary Service—during the 1972-76 quadrennium.

From another group—the Minneapolis-based American Indian Movement—the board received a statement of seven "challenges" including one that the board spend \$75 million on Indian work during the next 10 years. The board referred the matter to committees.

—F. Paige Carlin



There's a Santa Claus Toyshop in Portland, Oregon, in addition to the well-known one at the North Pole. All these dolls, doll beds, blankets, mattresses, and clothes were made by residents of Willamette View Manor, a United Methodist-related retirement residence. All are distributed to needy families in the Portland area.

CENTURY CLUB

Joining our Together Century Club this month are nine women and three men.

Mrs. John H. Couch, 100, Slate Hill, N.Y.

Mrs. Rachel Duncan, 100, Minnetonka, Minn.

Mrs. George (Cora) Gentry, 100, Santa Fe, N.Mex.

Mrs. Caroline Harper, 100, Quincy, Ill.

Mrs. Susie Harrington, 100, Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. W. H. Inabinette, 100, Greenville, Texas

Mrs. J. J. (Mary) Kidder, 100, Mt. Vernon, Iowa

Mrs. Melissa Lynn, 101, Port Ewen, N.Y.

Wilson E. Naylor, 100, Huntsville, Ala.

Howard L. Stringer, 100, Ambler, Pa.

Willy Walker, 100, Durham, N.C.

Mrs. Josie Wilson, 107, Harrison, Ark.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and location of church

What Will 1972 Bring?

By LYLE E. SCHALLER

What will be the 10 most significant events of the new year? In presenting such a list only one statement can be offered with certainty. By next December it will be clear that at least two or three events were omitted that should have been included. These are the unpredictable surprises.

Perhaps the trend with the greatest long-term significance in the churches will be the *new emphasis on experiences*. In his remarkable book, *Future Shock*, Alvin Toffler has pointed out that American society has moved from an emphasis on the production and consumption of goods to providing services to offering people the opportunity to participate in meaningful experiences. In "churchy" terms this can be translated from "We need to construct a good permanent meeting place" to "We offer an outstanding church school, outstanding music and great preaching" to "Our church had an overflow crowd at the presentation of *Jesus Christ Superstar*" or "As a part of their confirmation training our young people took a 17-day trip to the Holy Land."

Closely related to this will be the *comparatively sudden acceptance of the concept of "experienced learning" in Christian education* by a significant number of local church leaders. Instead of being content with the traditional classroom approach in which the teacher talks, or a few of the students "discuss the lesson" and a few listen, 1972 will find many churches shifting to experiential learning in which people learn by doing and by reflecting on where they have been and what they have experienced.

The most controversial event of the year may be the *decision by several prominent churchmen to openly and vigorously support the legal sale of heroin*. Some will join this coalition because they are convinced this is the best approach to helping the addict. Others will be motivated largely by a desire to halt the flow of profits to crime rings that exploit the poor. The largest number of proponents, however, will come from those who are convinced this is the only means of reversing the tremendous increase in burglaries, robberies, thefts, muggings, and arson.

In a completely different area, 1972 probably will bring the *highly visible opposition to recent efforts at decentralization of the structure and decision-making power in American Christianity*. For several years the opposition to centralization has been growing. This can be seen in how church dollars are allocated, in restructure plans, and in the emphasis on involvement in mission in the local community rather than overseas.

One price tag on this change is a decrease in the effectiveness of the church on issues such as poverty, race, organized crime, drug addiction, and hunger. This year will bring a call to reconsider the values of centralization.

A fifth trend of this new year will be the result of the growing recognition that the 1970s will be a *decade with a surplus of seminary graduates*. As more men and women seek positions as parish ministers, the job market will become tighter and the pressure will grow to lower the retirement age for clergymen to age 62.

One response to this cry for a lower retirement age will be a move to close some seminaries, thus reducing the flow of persons into the ministry. Another will be to enable seminary graduates to be ordained without going into traditional forms of the professional ministry.

In the publishing field the *current decline in the circulation of religious magazines will continue*. The three major exceptions to the generalization will be those directed at a very precisely defined audience rather than "the denominational family," the publications of the theologically conservative denominations, and the magazines which are effectively "promoted" by pastors and local church leaders.

Among the subject areas to receive more attention in 1972 will be the *churches' ministry to the divorced, to the children of the divorced, to unwed mothers, to biracial married couples, and to young married adults*. Increasingly, the churches will view the family, not as one homogeneous unit, but as a group of persons, each with distinctive needs.

One of the most widespread and highly visible trends of the year will be the increased emphasis on a *new style of leadership in both congregations and denominational agencies*. The name of the new game is participation. Efforts at the reorganization of denominational judicatories will stress a shift away from the traditional "top-down" style and toward "from the bottom up" emphasis. The importance of the pastor as the parish leader will continue to diminish and he will be seen increasingly as one of a core of leaders.

Within the local church the most important trend of the year may be the publicity accorded the *concept of the parish as a "caring" fellowship* in which the larger group expresses a genuine and creative concern for each person. Critics of this trend will protest this is at the expense of an essential emphasis on outreach, social reform, and prophetic preaching. They will describe this as a part of the general swing toward a new form of ecclesiastical isolationism.

Finally, the year will see a *new interest in the theology of spirituality*. Led by theologians and speakers from the evangelical wing of Protestantism and from European Roman Catholicism, American churches will be reflecting a new and far greater interest in the place and the power of the Holy Spirit in the lives of both individuals and institutions. For many this will be the most important or even the only significant trend of the year. □

If You Are a WOMAN

By RACHEL CONRAD WAHLBERG

WHILE I was reading an article on what it is like to be black [*Together*, April, 1971, page 8], I kept thinking that the same things it said can be said about being a woman. In fact, no less an authority than Gunnar Myrdal has observed that the parallel between the condition of blacks and women is the deepest parallel in American society. I began making a list:

IF YOU ARE BLACK

*You are ignored.
People put you down.
You have a "place."
You are conditioned to accept your oppression.
You are not expected to achieve.
People abhor you as if unclean.
You are to do the servant jobs of society.
People don't want to live by you.
If you are ambitious or achieving, you are "uppity."
All main-line activity is expected of whites, not blacks.*

The one area where women—white women, at least—are not so threatened as blacks is physical safety. Women who live outside of ghettos have less reason to fear for their lives. But even though privileged women have been protected and pampered in many ways that black people have not, their situations still are alike in being demeaning, self-denying, and unfair—not to mention wasteful of human potential.

You are ignored.

It is men who are looked to for action, leadership, ideas. If women are referred to in a meeting or placed on boards and committees, it is usually to get a token view, the "woman's viewpoint." As Kate Millett puts it: "People don't think of women as valid human beings, only as relatives of men." Dr. Lennert Kopra, professor of speech and hearing at the University of Texas, has observed that if a man and a woman are equally qualified for a job, the man almost invariably will get it.

People put you down.

Like blacks, women are put in slots, categories. "Just like a woman" is a common saying in our culture. Such stereotyping means: Make allowances for women; they

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN

*You are ignored.
People put you down.
You have a "place."
You are conditioned to accept your oppression.
You are not expected to achieve.
An "unclean" stigma persists in the church.
You are to do the servant jobs of society.
You are excluded from certain groups, sports, institutions, jobs, and so forth.
If you are achieving or ambitious, you are "aggressive."
All main-line activity is expected of males, not females.*

are like children—awkward, emotional, not capable of logical thinking or achievement.

"It won't matter if there are a few women ministers," a Lutheran pastor told me. "Let the women have a few, what does it matter?" It was almost a shrug-off: They won't have any impact, let a few of them do it.

You have a place.

Blacks and women should stay where they belong. "Women's place is in the home. *Kinder, Kirche, Kuche*" (children, church, kitchen). Nobody asks about men's place in the church. The implication is that all church activity is man's proper sphere. But what of women? Usually the women's place is in their own organizations.

Paul was influential in setting this pattern. "Let a woman learn in silence with all submissiveness. I permit no woman to teach or to have authority over men; she is to keep silent," he said in 1 Timothy 2:11-12. Calvin accepted the pattern, commenting on a passage in Corinthians: "And unquestionably wherever natural priority has been maintained, women have in all ages been excluded from public management of affairs. It is the dictate of common sense that female government is im-

proper and unseemly . . . The office of teaching is a superiority in the church . . . inconsistent with *subjection*" [his emphasis].

You are conditioned to accept your oppression.

Blacks point out that they are conditioned from childhood not to make trouble, to accept their place, not to do things because blacks do not do those things. If they want to achieve, they are expected to be teachers, ministers, undertakers, entertainers, or athletes. Women, too, are conditioned to accept their role as mothers and wives, and as relatives of men, as basic. Women have a pedestal to enjoy, and they must not attempt to face up to the competition of business and professional life. If they do, their "femininity" will suffer. Thus, legal restrictions have been framed to "protect" women's inadequacies, and these in turn have perpetuated oppression.

You are not expected to achieve.

The emphasis and goals for blacks may be different from what they are for women, but the conditioning is very similar. "Women have to grow and achieve on their own in our society. No one pushes them," psychologist Henry Bowman says. Education is open to them, and jobs are open to them, but achievement is not expected of them. From the time boys are little they are asked what they want to be. They are expected to concentrate on some type of work, profession, or career in addition to being a husband and father. If a man were to say that he only wanted to be a husband and father, he would be laughed at. If a little girl says she wants to be a wife and mother, she is saying the permissible, expected thing. A woman can limit herself to her family role and be considered an adequate member of society, but this shrinks her as their limitations shrink blacks.

You are conditioned to be passive.

Blacks have been taught to take what is given to them, to accept the openings offered to them, to do well on the jobs that are put before them, and not to offer ideas or suggestions. Women, too, are expected to keep silent, be submissive, fill limited roles, and not be "pushy" or "aggressive." These put-downs say you are out of line, this is not what we want of you.

People regard you as "unclean."

In the church, woman still is expected to perform the background jobs, cleaning, cooking, caring for children, although now, in spite of Paul, teaching in the church is permitted. Men perform what our son calls the "holy holy" jobs, up front during the worship service, in view of the congregation. I did an informal study of jobs allotted to men and women in some congregations and discovered that out of the six jobs "only men" do, five of them are performed at the Sunday-morning service in front of the congregation—preaching, reading the Scriptures, ushering, being an acolyte, serving Communion. The sixth job for men is yard work, and a seventh in some congregations is counting the offering. In those same congregations the jobs that "only women" do include caring for Communion and altar ware, making and taking care of choir robes, working in the kitchen,

serving dinners and refreshments, caring for the nursery—all domestic in character.

Underlying this division of labor is the Old Testament teaching about the "uncleanliness" of women, who were banished from the chief worship areas of the synagogue. Not only was a woman "unclean" during her period (Leviticus 15:19), but she was "unclean" for 40 days after giving birth to a boy and 80 days after giving birth to a girl. After these periods were over, she still had to offer a "sin" offering as "atonement" (Leviticus 12:2-5).

People don't want to live by you or sit by you.

There is no exact parallel for this prejudice. However, an extension of it may be the reason women are excluded from civic clubs, lodges, private clubs, and bars. Perhaps things have changed by now, but when I was a graduate student at the University of Virginia, I was stopped at the door when I wanted to attend a literary society meeting. "No female has ever been a member of the literary society and never will be!" I was told. Yet my graduate work was in English.

You are to do the servant jobs of society.

According to the U.S. Department of Labor, sex-typing of jobs remains the norm, and one third of all working women are employed as secretaries, saleswomen, general private household workers, teachers in elementary schools, bookkeepers, waitresses, and professional nurses. And obviously the jobs that the wife and mother performs in the home are largely the lowest-paid jobs in society—cleaning, cooking, and so on. Similar to the jobs done by blacks.

If you are ambitious or achieving, you are "aggressive."

To call a man aggressive is a compliment. For a woman it implies that she is unduly persistent, grasping, or ambitious. Above all, she is unfeminine. If women are creative and eager to achieve in their careers, they are labeled aggressive. Many women learn early in their lives to deny their intelligence, to pretend the boys in the schoolroom got the idea first, to hide their good grades or the professor's commendation.

Girls also observe an unwritten rule in dating, for few boys want to date a girl who is their equal. They prefer girls who are submissive and attentive to their needs and interests. Yet, as Harriet Taylor Mill pointed out 120 years ago, this attitude really is insulting to men: "It is from having intellectual communion only with those to whom they can lay down the law that so few men continue to advance in wisdom beyond the first stages. The most eminent men cease to improve if they associate only with disciples." And today a self-confident man does not have to have only inferiors around him. He can stand to be with, even enjoy, a companion who is stimulating and challenging.

All main-line activity is expected of males, not females.

If a female is smart and creative, she is expected to go into accepted fields like teaching, drama, art, and writing. Just as blacks may achieve in sports and entertainment without being a threat, so the woman who achieves in these areas is less a threat. But in business, even theology, the resistance is greater.

In a society that is subtly based on stereotypes, we still have a long distance to go to erase prejudices about what it means to be black—or female. □

A photograph of a rural scene. In the background, there are two wooden houses. The house on the left is a two-story structure with a gabled roof, featuring a large white-framed window on the left and a smaller one on the right. The house on the right is a single-story structure with a flat roof and a dark doorway. In the foreground, there is a field of green, leafy plants, possibly a vegetable garden or crop field. The overall tone of the photograph is warm and slightly aged.

Sea Islands Revisited

Text by Paige Carlin / Pictures by George P. Miller

CHANGE comes slowly on the Sea Islands of South Carolina. But it is coming, thanks in large measure to the efforts of a mixed lot of Christians who are deeply concerned about the crushing poverty of thousands of the islands' residents.

A year and a half ago, *Together* published Jim Haskins' article *Where Poverty Is Total* [July, 1970, page 29], which described in dramatic detail the poor housing and squalid living conditions, the high infant mortality rate and lack of medical

care, the unemployment and underemployment, the lack of transportation and isolation, the uncertainty of land ownership, and other problems of Sea Islands residents.

Mr. Haskins' article also introduced *Together* readers to the Rev. Willis T. Goodwin, the young black pastor of five small United Methodist congregations on several of the low, coastal islands southwest of Charleston. More recently [March, 1971] *Together's* news department noted the opening of a new United Methodist-supported health center for island residents. To learn more about the clinic and other changes which have followed Mr. Haskins' visit, we went to Charleston County, met Pastor Goodwin and some of his parishioners and co-workers.

No doubt about it, Willis Goodwin is a remarkable man. A pastor in the most basic sense of the word, he infects others with a contagious spirit of hope. Reared in Charleston, he first came out from the city to work at relieving the misery of Sea Islands black people (about 95 percent of the 57,000 residents on five main islands) when he was only 15. He spent one summer doing migrant work in New York's Mohawk Valley then returned to the Sea Islands during his summers as a college and seminary student to help in programs sponsored by Charleston churchwomen.

Following his ordination, appointments took him to three other South Carolina pastorates before he was assigned to the Sea Islands circuit almost five years ago. Three of his five congregations and the parsonage where he and his wife and three sons live are on Johns Island and the bulk of his work is there, but he considers his parish as including also Wadmalaw, Edisto, Yonges, Petersfield, and James Islands, the latter being nearest to Charleston and increasingly a white suburb.

Since his appointment here, Mr. Goodwin has become "the black leader of the islands . . . the man who makes it happen," says the pastor of a white Lutheran congregation which supports Mr. Goodwin's work.

"I was sent here as a pastor, but I saw the needs too," the United Methodist leader explains. "You can't preach to people when they're sick and hungry."

His attempts to do something about those conditions have coalesced into an interracial, interdenominational, and recently international ministry which was incorporated in 1969 under the title Rural Missions, Inc. with Mr. Goodwin as its head. The peripatetic pastor has gotten relief from many day-to-day responsibilities since last July 1 when the United Methodist Board of Missions hired Eric S. Daniels as Rural Missions administrator. Mr. Goodwin is still the chief idea man and fund raiser.

Mr. Daniels, 35, is a native of Allahabad, India, and holds master's degrees in both economics and social service administration. He has nine years of experience in personnel administration in India plus two years as field director of Asian Christian Service rehabilitation and relief work with war-affected civilians in Laos. He is in the United States on a work and permanent residence visa. His wife, a physician, and the couple's two-year-old daughter arrived from India in mid-October.

The fact that an Anglican from India and a black United Methodist work closely together is typical of the Rural Missions ministry. Denominational distinctions are blurred as members of many churches work side by side and dollars from many sources support various parts of the program. Lutheran funds support a Baptist social

worker; Mennonite volunteers move freely from job to job, building, teaching, working in the health center; Episcopalians and Methodists provided a minibus, and Lutherans bought a mobile home to house the health center doctor. All these denominations plus United Presbyterians, Lutherans, Catholics, and Disciples, Church Women United, and the South Carolina Commission for Farm Workers are involved and represented on the Rural Missions board. The leading role played by Mr. Goodwin and other local Methodists plus substantial contributions from the United Methodist Board of Missions (of which Mr. Goodwin is a member) make the denomination crucial to Rural Missions life.

A variety of programs and hatful of hoped-for goals are included under the Rural Missions administrative umbrella. Most effective are those offering services which relieve immediate needs—the health clinic and child-development centers. It will take much longer and will require major outside help to change root causes of Sea Islands poverty—unemployment and housing. There is progress of a kind, though, in the fact that the islands now have an organized effort attracting broad interest and some support for trying to solve basic economic and social problems.

Health Center: Last January 19, Bishop Paul Hardin, who heads both black and white United Methodist annual conferences in South Carolina, dedicated the new Rural Missions Health Center which was built onto Bethlehem United Methodist Church, largest of Mr. Goodwin's five congregations. A \$9,000 Board of Missions grant financed the project. Through late winter and spring the clinic was operated only on a part-time basis by volunteer doctors, chiefly Dr. Eldred Heisel, a Board of Missions member from Columbus, Ohio, who has made about 30 weekend trips to Johns Island.

The clinic was open full time last summer with Dr. Richard Reigal and his wife, a registered nurse, in residence for 2-1/2 months before Dr. Reigal entered military service. Since mid-October Dr. Harold J. Elliott has been the full-time staff physician following his retirement from pediatrics practice in Minnesota.

The staff also includes a nurse who is one of Mennonite volunteers. In addition, Mrs. Daniels, wife of the new Rural Missions administrator and a gynecologist with six years of practice in India, will join the team when her medical credentials have been approved by U.S. authorities.

Few Sea Islands black people can afford private medical care, and although they can receive treatment at the University of South Carolina medical school's outpatient clinic in Charleston, the problem is getting there. The islands have no public transportation and few of the needy have cars of their own to make the trip (20 or more miles) into the city.

When the Rural Missions Clinic first opened, says Dr. Heisel, islanders apparently couldn't believe it was for them. The first couple of weekends when he flew down from Ohio, only four or five patients showed up. (He busied himself training several persons to help in the clinic and installing equipment.) Later, when the clinic's purpose was understood, the patient load jumped to 50 or 60 persons each weekend.

"If there's anything we've done at all," says Dr. Heisel, "it is to make medical care a personal thing. The patients

have appointments that are kept; they have their names on the book, and they pay their own way—a modest fee plus the costs of medicines.”

State and county health officials have cooperated fully with the new clinic, Dr. Heisel points out, donating some equipment and now using the facilities regularly for well-baby clinics and family-planning services. Similar services now have been added at a satellite health center operated in a trailer adjacent to the child-development center on Wadmalaw Island.

Thanks to the pioneering work of the church-supported clinic, the future of medical care on the Sea Islands is improving. A \$94,000 grant from the federal Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) has made possible a year-long study of health needs, and when this is completed next July 31, the resulting recommendations could bring the establishment of a federally financed comprehensive health center. James Martin, former administrator of an OEO-supported health center in Charleston, is in charge of the survey as senior health planner, assisted by William

Jenkins, Johns Island native and former Air Force officer, as community coordinator.

Education: Four child-development centers now are offering Head Start training for preschool youngsters. One is sponsored and housed at Wesley United Methodist for about 35 children who receive breakfast and lunch in addition to their schooling and play. The other centers are sponsored by OEO but are located in churches or in buildings on church-owned land. Also new is a nursery providing day care for infants of working mothers.

Last summer 28 children ages 8 to 12 received special help with reading problems when Georgia Norfleet, a specialist from Peoria, Ill., conducted a reading clinic, assisted by older student volunteers from the local public schools and young people from other states.

Housing: Riding along Johns Island roads—Maybank Highway, Bohicket, and Plowed Ground Roads—arched by moss-draped magnolias and oaks, the visitor is alternately surprised and depressed by the homes. Some, owned we are told by families whose heads have off-

After a morning of seeing patients at the clinic, Dr. Heisel makes a house call on John Phoenix, 58, partially paralyzed by a stroke. Though he had recovered some muscular control, said the doctor, he needed physiotherapy to help restore use of his limbs.





Women of the quilting project meet once a week at Faith Lutheran Church to hand-tie the comforters each has made at home since the last meeting. Sale of the quilts nets a small profit, but almost as valuable is the companionship which the meetings offer. Below: It takes two trips of the Rural Missions bus to deliver all 35 preschoolers home following their daily sessions in the child-development center at Wesley United Methodist Church on Johns Island.



island jobs, are relatively new, painted and well cared for. Others are drab shanties, decrepit and patched with odd pieces of metal and scrap lumber. Many have a few multicolored chickens and small gardens, and there are occasional splashes of bright color where vining roses bloom.

Also noticeable are numerous partially built houses, abandoned when money ran out and now surrounded by growing weeds. Land ownership is a severe problem for many black islanders who are unable to establish clear title to the land their families have occupied for generations. Without that they cannot qualify for loans to build or fix up their houses.

To help some of these people straighten out their land claims, the United Methodist Board of Missions sent law graduate Judy Bourne to Johns Island for two months last summer. The Rural Missions office also houses the OEO legal-assistance and referral service which helps individuals with land ownership and other legal problems.

Housing help of the most direct kind has been given by the Mennonite men volunteers (about six at any one time) who have personally built homes for destitute families, added rooms, repaired, and painted others. Sometimes materials are obtained by pleading for the leftovers from old buildings torn down in Charleston.

Economic Change: Rural Missions has several long-



A week of special evening services celebrated the anniversary of Pastor Goodwin's ministry at little John Wesley Church on Yonges Island. Mr. Goodwin (standing, left) joined the visiting preacher in prayers for young people who knelt at the chancel rail.

range goals aimed at providing joys and basic economic improvement for the islands by establishing cooperatives. The most ambitious goal is a fishing co-op to harvest crabs, shrimp, and other seafood from Atlantic waters. So far, the goal is but a dream requiring \$300,000 or more to buy the waterfront property and boats which would be needed to make it a reality. The new Rural Missions administrator hopes the proposal can be scaled down to a more reachable cost since the fishing scheme represents what is potentially the most profitable venture.

Already partially successful are two agricultural co-ops. On Johns Island nine black farmers are members of a farm equipment co-op which owns a tractor and farm implements bought with a \$5,000 FHA loan. Much larger is the pickle marketing co-op, started in 1970, in which more than a hundred cucumber producers, both black and white, participate. The Mennonite volunteers helped build the shed for grading, storing, and loading two pickle crops a year. It is hoped that the cooperative eventually can expand into other crops and move into new markets. For the present it is limited in working capital and needs expert agricultural advisory help to improve yields and quality.

Another cooperative—for women only—has enjoyed modest success in making and selling quilts. Thirteen women have been involved; about seven participate regu-

larly. During the week the members work individually in their homes, hand-stitching patchwork quilt tops from donated scraps of material. Once a week they meet at Faith Lutheran Church, a white congregation whose pastor, the Rev. George T. Willis, is president of the Rural Missions board. There the tops are machine-sewn to backing material, the batting inserted, and then, around quilting frames, the women hand-tie the quilts (they might more precisely be called comforters) with yarn to hold the batting in place.

The quilts are sold at \$15 each on the island, \$20 by mail. The woman who made each top receives \$10 when her quilt is sold, and \$5 goes into the group treasury to buy more batting and backing material. About 90 quilts have been sold so far, says Mrs. Nancy Hershey, the Mennonite volunteer who has led the group and kept the records. They could use more sewing machines and donated material and more quilt customers, but Mrs. Hershey sees an important value in the project beyond the profits. "The women thoroughly enjoy getting out of their houses, getting to see the community, and just meeting together to talk. Some of them didn't even know each other before, although they live only a few miles apart."

Emergency Relief: When Willis Goodwin began working summers on the Sea Islands as a high-school youth, a chief concern he shared with Charleston Church Women United was to provide immediate relief for families in trouble. The same kind of problems still plague islands residents, and while Pastor Goodwin and others map plans to change basic patterns of bad housing and unemployment, they must continue to provide emergency help. Fires frequently destroy tiny tinderbox houses leaving already destitute families with nothing. Migrant workers who come to the islands to work the tomato, cabbage, string-bean, and cucumber harvests on large white-owned plantations share the poverty plight of permanent residents.

To meet emergency needs for food, clothing, shelter, medicine, and other necessities, Rural Missions works with the South Carolina Migrant Ministry, Church Women United, and other church groups. Used clothing, toys, books, and other items are collected throughout South Carolina and in other states to stock a thrift shop and much is distributed free. Short-term volunteers come to the islands to work in day-care centers for migrant children and lead recreation and other programs for both parents and children in the migrant camps.

Surrounded by the overwhelming poverty of so many hundreds of families, it is difficult to understand how Pastor Goodwin can be optimistic about the future. It seems only realistic to believe that it will take many years and massive effort and investment to change the islands' pervading conditions of need. But then you recall that Willis Goodwin has known these islands and their people for more than half of his 36 years and that, comparatively speaking, things are better than they used to be.

Moreover, it becomes clear from his words and actions that Willis Goodwin has a profound faith in the providence of God. "The Lord will make a way—somehow," exhorts a visiting preacher during services in one of Mr. Goodwin's churches.

"Amen!" and "That's right," the pastor and parishioners respond with apparent conviction. □

Calendar

JANUARY

All the New Year, may
Butterflies come to our thought
Even when blooms freeze.

FEBRUARY

Snow dazzles dull air.
"Work done, I will watch." But
Work done, snow has ceased.

MARCH

Slate-colored pigeons,
Squabbling for crumbs, tread po
Of our first crocus.

APRIL

In freshly turned earth,
Intended for flower beds,
A laughing child lies.

楊方雯
繪於美國芝加哥

Watercolor by Faan Wen Yang

MAY

Our last daffodil,
Alone, is freshly golden;
At least for today.

JUNE

Always, shadows fall,
But today we rest beneath
Shadows of blossoms.

JULY

Prickles of wonder
Making children of us all —
Summer's first fireflies.

AUGUST

Silver-green visions
Stir faintly in the garden;
Sparrowgrass in rain.

SEPTEMBER

Storms wreck the old bridge;
Today we adjust the past
To fit the future.

OCTOBER

Our hilltop maple
Shines against blue, a golden
Harvest moon at noon.

NOVEMBER

Gray day of no blooms
Save briefly, just before dark,
Chrysanthemum sun.

DECEMBER

Bare trees, bare earth, bare
Room where a new mother holds
Five rosebud fingers.

— Jane Merchant



My Son, the Adolescent

Can a boy 'between the ages of 14' be tolerated? Only if you understand his very 'real nature.' It is characterized by conflict with authority, resistance to instruction, bad temper, and not bathing. Also, he's sort of lovable.

By H. T. BARKER

MY FRIEND George, who sells auto memberships and is about as upbeat a guy as you'd ever want to meet, sighed like a chinook wind and looked as gloomy as a piece of soft coal. "That kid!" he groaned.

He meant his 14-year-old son, John, who's pushing six feet and weighs 117 pounds—a bunch of bad-tempered knobs and bumps held together on a scraggy frame.

"Benchley said something about 14-year-olds," I said sagely. "He said that a boy between the ages of 14 has a very real nature."

George gave me a fishy eye and went home, but I thought about this a lot. I have a 14-year-old myself so I qualify as an expert on the subject.

I've solved the little mystery Benchley gave us, too. He wisely didn't tell us what kind of natures boys "between the ages of 14" have. He was too smart to start something he couldn't finish. But I'm going to scotch this lingering ghost, which he raised and didn't bury, by telling you what that very real nature is:

It is conflict with authority.

It is resistance to instruction.

It is bad temper.

It is not bathing.

It's a whole lot of other things too, but those will serve as starters. The last one sort of crept in because I had an argument with my son about having a shower. He claimed he'd had one last Monday, but his bare feet looked like he'd been out waiting for the Robert E. Lee.

You'll see that the characteristics all have something in common: *The kid has a mind of his own and won't do what I want him to any more.*

Take last night. I said to him, "Don't talk with your mouth full."

"I avnt ott mymoufull."

"You're still talking with your mouth full. Cut it out!"

"I haven't got my mouth full," the boy said distinctly. He opened his mouth wide so that I could observe the pink interior of the empty cavity.

"You did have it full when I spoke to you," I said.

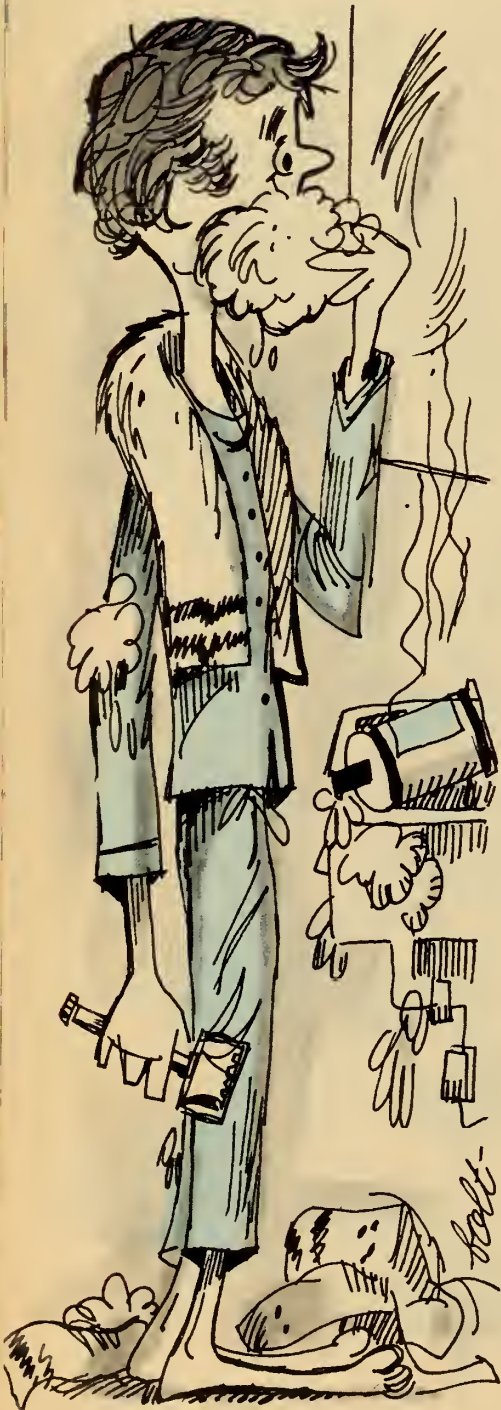
"No I didn't."

He's a barefaced liar. He knows it, and I know it. But to prove it I would have had to tape the conversation. But how am I supposed to know in advance? I look at the rangy kid sitting across the table from me, clicking his teeth with his fork and laughing at me secretly, and I know he has won again. True, I could strong-arm him and send him off to his room . . . but the use of violence would only prove that I'd lost.

You know what it is? It's the Young Bull trying to take over and the Old Bull hanging on for dear life.

Take my razor. Now, to me my razor is the symbol of my maturity. Using my first razor was a sort of initiatory rite. When I had one of my own, I was a man. As an adult and father, I still revere my razor. It sets me apart from the rest of my family. Not even my wife can shave. So when the Young Bull wanted to use my razor, it cut me to the quick, metaphorically speaking.

The kid doesn't need to shave. There is only the faintest of shadows on his upper lip, but the way he waters it and croons to it you'd think he was raising prize petunias. One day he darkened those few sparse hairs with his mother's eyebrow pencil and asked to use my razor. I gave him what I thought was a reasoned and paternalistic answer—certainly not! And I went back to my news-



paper. I suppose it was inevitable that the Young Bull took this as a personal affront and used the razor anyway.

He got push-button lather all over the bathroom because he had the thing pointing in the wrong direction when he pushed the button. He used two new stainless blades to cut his straggly garden of limp whiskers (it worked out to about 10¢ a hair), and he left the basin full of soapy water, the floor littered with sopping towels, and even the shower curtain lathered.

"Disobedience!" I thundered. "No allowance for two weeks!"

But this doesn't work very well, because I owe him 10 dollars. He had a job for a while and made 5 dollars a week before he lost it through general fecklessness. Then he asked me to deposit it in the bank for him, and being short at the time I borrowed it. So he says cheerfully, "Okay, Dad, no allowance. Could I have the 10 you owe me?" And once again the Young Bull has the Old Bull by the horns.

It's the same thing with his mother, who in this context I suppose should be called the Old Cow, though I don't think I'd do that in front of her. Her job, as she sees it, is to keep the boy clean, make sure he's properly dressed, get him to church on time, and help him with his homework. Her most difficult problem is his cleanliness. Did I mention that his feet look like he's been paddling around in Mississippi mud? Well, a few days ago he developed a minor skin rash. "Wash!" commanded his mother, scenting opportunity. "What you need is soap and water!"

He went away, and yesterday he said to his mother, "Hey remember that sore I had?"

"Yes."

"It's gone."

"See?" she said triumphantly, virtuously, and justified. "Soap and water!"

"I didn't use any," he said. "I didn't wash it at all."

Well, my wife made some quite lame comment about how it might have gone away sooner, or never even would have appeared, if he had washed regularly. But I knew she was beaten. The sore had gone away unwashed, therefore, not washing is good for sores.

It's the same thing with church. On Saturday nights she tells him to lay

out his good clothes so he can find them easily in the morning. I oversee this myself. It is done. But on Sunday morning he shouts, "Mother, where's my underwear?"

"In your drawer," says the Old Cow.

"No it's not."

"Did you look?"

"Sure I looked!" (Muttering.)

"I told you last night to have all your clothes ready!"

"You didn't say anything about underwear!"

"Well, wear yesterday's."

"It's in the wash. You *told* me to put it in the wash." By this time he's in our bedroom and the other children are hanging on every word. They know that if he can stir up enough grief and waste enough time we'll never make it to church. And they can all go back to sleep. The little pagans would be happy to miss church.

"Listen, Mother," he goes on. "It's your job to make sure I have clean underwear. You're always telling me to be clean, for Pete's sake, and I had a shower last night, and now I haven't got any clean underwear. Holy cats, Mother, you are a mother, aren't you?" This is followed by a lecture on a mother's duties.

If you happen to be a member of my church, you'll note that our attendance is *spotty*. Now you know why.

His big problem in homework is math. It's not just his problem, really, because his mother and I don't understand the new math either. The nightly dialogue goes something like this:

"Mother, how do you expand a number?"

"I don't know, ask your father."

"Dad, how do you . . . ?"

"I don't know." (Doing crossword.)

"Well, gee, you want me to pass, don't you? You're always saying that education is . . ."

"Oh, all right," I sigh, reluctantly laying down my pencil and glaring at his mother. I look in his textbook. There are glimmers. Finally I say, "You do it this way," and I show him.

"That's not the way you do it, Dad," he says. "You do it like this." And he fills a page with incomprehensibly squiggly brackets and trains of tens multiplied by zero and pitched angles stuck on their sides.

"Well," I say. "If you know all

about it, why did you ask me?"

"I just wanted to see if you could do it. Will you help me draw an outline map of Australia?"

He also competes more violently than before with his brother and sisters. He enjoys causing chaos where there is peace, in his endless search for attention. He loves to lurk behind his sister when she is under the home hair dryer. It makes a lot of noise, and she is vulnerable. When she comes out of it, he pours water on her.

Sometimes he just drops a word or two to create instant uproar. Here are a couple of his zingers: "Today at school Johnny Shepherd told me you're ugly," and "Hey, you've got a whole bunch of new pimples."

If we spent our whole entire waking existence on him alone, these ploys wouldn't be necessary. He really does try for this blessed state of total attention: he follows Old Bull or Old Cow from room to room in a sort of lockstep, talking. And "Mm-hmm" won't do for an answer any more. "Mother," he says, "don't say *mm-hmm*. Answer me!"

Well, it sure sounds terrible, doesn't it? A kid who fights all the time, tortures the younger ones, demands unlimited attention, never has a bath, and is crabby to boot isn't very lovable. Right?

Wrong!

Really, that's the funny part about the whole thing. I mean he really is all those things, and if he were George's kid, I sure wouldn't want him around. Anybody else's kid with all those strikes against him wouldn't get house room here. But this one has house room as long as he wants it. Why? Because Benchley was right. Kids "between the ages of 14" really do have a real nature.

It's all mixed up and full of dumb conflicts he can't resolve because he doesn't know their names, and he's pushy and irritable and yakky—but most of all, sort of lovable. He's "between the ages of 14," and that's a hard place to be. Not a boy any more. Not a man yet. Just a *something* in between.

Well, Young Bull, come on. Do some horn-locking with me. You won't win anything—yet—but the exercise will do you good. □



Sunflower Village (below) was built in 1943 to house people working in the ammunition plant across the highway (above). The plant closed, many jobs went, and so did much hope—until they organized for community action, aided by Pastor James Starkey and community-developer Phil Galbreath (right).



New Hope Blooms in Sunflower

Text by MARTHA A. LANE

Pictures by GEORGE P. MILLER

SUNFLOWER, in eastern Kansas, is a predominantly white, low-income community—about 1,900 people living in government housing of World War II vintage. It is located, ironically, in one of the nation's richest counties. But as an unincorporated village it enjoys few of the government and community services that other Johnson County residents take for granted.

The school district has been called the second poorest in Kansas. The Army ammunition plant across Kansas State Highway 10, for whose employees the U.S. government originally built the village in 1943, is being phased out. Sunflower residents now must drive to Lawrence (15 miles away) or Kansas City (about 40 miles) for work.

"We always seem to be left out of county considerations," residents told community developer Phil Galbreath on his arrival in September, 1970. "Information is received too late to act upon, county agency services do not meet our needs the way we feel they should." Few state road maps show Sunflower at all, although they usually show at least 104 towns with smaller populations.

Mr. Galbreath, whose presence is made possible by The United Methodist Church, found the village's problem-





Phil concentrates on listening and planning. Action is up to the community people. Law and order is a main concern so a citizens-band radio patrol has been set up (right). Patrol volunteers have helped find lost children and have responded to other emergencies. When loose dogs become a problem, other volunteers round up all unlicensed animals. Owners must then either buy a tag or lose their pet.



solving efforts had been frustrated to a point of inertia. He also found that no one person or group could be blamed for this condition. Some told Phil it was the fault of the landlord who owns everything in the village except the United Methodist church and the elementary school. "But he collects garbage daily and fixes things pretty promptly," Phil has found. "When a Boy Scout group or baseball team is trying to raise money, he will provide matching funds. And he lets us use the end of an office building as a community center free."

The pastor of the United Methodist Church, James Starkey, relentlessly has tried to solve personal and community problems. He was responsible for getting Sunflower included in a new Board of Missions project—the Indigenous Community Developer Program.

This national missions approach was launched in September, 1970, with funds from the Women's Division Call to Prayer and Self-denial appeal and from local conferences. Two women and eight men, including Phil Galbreath, constituted the first group of developers chosen by local communities. The program strongly emphasizes indigenous leadership and getting the local congregation involved in community action. White, Hispanic-American, Indian-American, and Chinese-American communities now are being served. Sunflower is one of the program's three nonmetropolitan target areas.

Pastor Starkey explains how "this little ministry out here" got started: "I began working in Sunflower in 1962—just got to knocking on doors. At first the landlord was very hostile to the church in general. Then he gave me the tenant list, then the land to put a church on, and I moved into the village myself in 1969.

"All I could do alone was patch-up jobs, like providing food or taking someone to the hospital. No social change came about. So I began to ask for help. The district superintendent heard me, and the Board of Missions was called in. I didn't know what I would be getting into, but I knew I couldn't do it by myself."

Mr. Starkey helped set up the committee of interested Sunflower residents who interviewed people for the community-developer position. When no villager seemed to fill the bill, they interviewed outsiders and eventually chose Phil, a United Methodist who had been involved in community-action programs in Kansas City.

When Mr. Galbreath arrived in the village, he found Sunflower United Methodist Church, Victory Bible Church, a welfare-mothers club, a PTA, and some Scout activities—but little other organization of any kind. Few residents were even registered voters.

For three months Phil visited existing groups and residents, listening. Then he held a series of village meetings. "This is an informal get-together for village people," his mimeographed flyers said. "No outside speakers, just a



There are plans for more park and playground areas. Meanwhile young people must be content with a netless basketball basket, a dairy bar (hamburgers and ice cream), and a too-small swimming pool.



One of the best things that has happened since Phil's arrival in the village was the formation of the Sunflower Civic Association, open to all residents. Here an executive committee listens to Jess Bowman, president, discuss latest community developments.

time for us to talk—over coffee. Outsiders are trying to solve our problems, but we're the ones who will be living with the outcomes. Let's be heard!"

From these and other informal gatherings, residents began defining what they saw as community problems: a poor image of the village; school administration not responsive to their needs; need for law and order; lack of activities for youth and adults (about two thirds of the villagers are under 18).

Phil helped residents organize a civic association, which is taking on many leadership responsibilities now. "I try not to suggest projects or goals," Phil says. "All I do is ask, 'What problems do you want to work on?' To date the most important things I've provided are poster paper, instructions on how to crank the mimeo, and an expense account for long-distance phone calls."

Few of the changes Phil has helped bring about are visible, but he has done much in helping people to work together. He has seen the civic association started; villagers and county officials working together to make better recreational, welfare, mental health, public health, day care, and library services a reality; an Office of Economic Opportunity grant made to provide office space for such services; 123 voters registered; two village candidates in a school-board election; some areas cleared for playgrounds; and a picnic area constructed.

Part of the stated goals of the Indigenous Community Developers program is "strengthening certain United Methodist congregations so they can be more deeply involved in community life." The local congregation, in

other words, is to support the community developer's work and to get its individual members actively involved in community projects. At first, because of the mobility and small number of its members, the Sunflower church was able to do little more than make its building and a full-time youth worker available to the community. But the membership is slowly increasing (Sunday attendance was about 38, now is 45 to 60) and so is individual participation in community life.

"Sometimes I get a little discouraged," Pastor Starkey said. "But it's exciting to see community people suddenly become concerned and active—to see them really want to do something, to take hold—organizing, devising, with the background support of the community developer."

Phil, too, is pleased with the increasing amount of leadership the community is experiencing. "The action is coming from the people on their own," he always emphasizes. □

The town wondered if she shouldn't be sent to an institution. They said she wasn't bad enough to be committed, but she wasn't sane enough to be out either. Then came an unforgettable Christmas tableau.

Away in a Manger

By KATHERINE YORK

IT IS mid-January. Christmas is over. I've stopped sweeping up stray pine needles, the last of the fruitcake is gone, our gifts are put away, and the thank-you notes are all written. A bowl of scarlet camellias stands on the polished top of our new table. We have begun the routine of the new year.

But I cannot forget Christmas Eve. I cannot forget Miranda.

We live in a small California town, the kind where people all know one another. It's nice to walk into the library and be greeted by name: "Oh, Mrs. York, we've ordered the new Stafford book. Do you want to be first on the reserve list?"

Much of our family life centers around St. Paul's Church. Our two girls grew up there, my husband serves as a youth advisor, and I teach in the Sunday school. I had seen Miranda often at St. Paul's and had realized from the way she looked and walked that there was something different about her.

My first personal contact with her occurred one morning when I was shopping downtown. She stood in front of the Children's Corner, an exclusive shop for youngsters, looking at a display of baby things—frilly clothes, toys, and a bassinet which cradled a very lifelike baby doll. Wagging her fingers at the doll, Miranda was making the kind of sounds people sometimes do when admiring a real baby. She was a messy woman, fat, badly dressed. Several of her front teeth were missing, and her mouth folded over itself in an ugly way. It was hard to tell her age.

Suddenly she turned to me and said, "The baby's sweet, isn't he? I don't know his name, but they take good care of him." Then she turned back to the window, waving and making those cooing sounds.

After that I saw her often. Wearing a soiled skirt and blouse, sometimes carrying a ragged sweater, she always seemed to be going somewhere on her own errands. Once I saw her talking to some children who were swinging in the little park near the library.

A few weeks later, after a meeting at church, I heard someone playing the old piano in the fellowship hall. The firm, full strains of *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* ended, and I heard the opening bars of a Mozart sonata. I looked in and realized with amazement that it was

Miranda at the piano. Her eyes were closed; she was completely absorbed in the music. As I stood there, unable to believe it, Mr. Phelps, the minister, joined me. We were listening quietly when one of the high-school boys came up and spoke softly to the pastor.

"We have a meeting here pretty soon," he said. "What'll we do?"

Mr. Phelps went in and stood beside Miranda. When she finished the first movement of the sonata, he put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Miranda, that was beautiful. Thank you. Will you walk out with me?"

She stood up and looked at him with eyes that did not seem to focus on anything. Then she said, "I'm just practicing for my recital."

The three of us walked into the courtyard together. "Miranda, this is Mrs. York," Mr. Phelps said. "She teaches Sunday school."

Miranda looked at me silently and then we shook hands. "I used to teach Sunday school." She paused and looked at Mr. Phelps. "Did I?"

"No, Miranda. You sang in the choir."

"I sang in the choir," she said to me, and then she walked off.

"Did she really sing here?" I asked Mr. Phelps.

"Yes, years ago when she was young; a lovely, gifted young woman. We had great hopes for Miranda." He looked at me seriously. "Be gentle with her. We are not sure how much she understands. We don't know how much she absorbs. I do know one thing, though. I know her capacity for being hurt."

I understood what he meant when I watched her one day during a service. She sat alone, tears running down her face, hands helpless and still in her lap. I had to watch. She wept so quietly. Her shoulders were motionless, her body unmoving; just the tears flooding. I was sure that while her mind was shadowy and nearly empty, there was still enough room for grief.

There are vignettes of Miranda gleaned here and there from memories of past years, snatches of information, bits of knowledge which help me piece her story together although I do not know it all.

Once I was in the church office when Miss Ross, the secretary, answered the phone. "Oh yes, Mac," I heard her say. "Miranda? What is it this time?" Then she

laughed. "No. No, I guess we can't use two dozen diapers." There was a pause. "Well, tear it up, will you? Okay. Thanks, Mac."

I sat there hoping she would tell me. Soon she said, "Sometimes I wonder if we do the right thing by letting Miranda wander around. Perhaps Norton would be a better place. Her social worker thinks Miranda will end up there. But so far she's harmless, just confused." (Norton is one of our state institutions.)

"What happened just now?" I asked. "Can you tell me?"

"Yes," Miss Ross said. "It happens all the time. Miranda ordered two dozen diapers from Mac at the Children's Corner, and she paid for them with a check signed with Mr. Phelps's name. She just stood right there and signed it."

"What do you do about it?" I asked. "Why would she want diapers?"

Miss Ross sighed. "They'll tear up the check and keep the diapers. Poor Miranda. She wants the diapers for her baby."

"Did she ever have a baby?"

"Not really. She lost it. Her husband died and she lost the baby." There was a silence. Then Miss Ross went on, "She was terribly sick after that, and she never got over it. She wouldn't accept any of it. Never has. She goes around looking for her baby, buying things for it. It was a long time ago. Mr. Phelps saw her through the whole thing. Miranda had no one. She still has no one. No one but us."

The next time I was in the drugstore I saw Miranda put several baby bottles into the old diaper bag she carried as a purse. She nodded to the clerk and walked out of the store.

"There she goes again," the clerk said, and he called the manager. I heard the manager tell the clerk that Mr. Phelps at St. Paul's would pay for Miranda's merchandise.

"I go to St. Paul's," I told the manager. "I know Miranda. Can I help?"

"Oh, it's okay," he said. "We all know Miranda. She doesn't really steal. It's only things for the baby. Poor soul. They say she isn't bad enough to be committed, but she isn't sane enough to be out either, if you ask me. She has nobody to look after her except her landlady, and she's busy looking after all the old folks who live in the house. It's not much of a life, is it?"

One Sunday in early December I was teaching the primary children a Christmas song:

*Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.*

I looked up and saw Miranda leaning against the wall of the room. She was singing, too. Her voice was light and sweet; she sounded like the children.

When they had finished singing, one of the boys spoke to Miranda. "The baby Jesus comes at Christmas," he said.

"In a manger," another child added.

Miranda just nodded and stared past them in her vacant way. Little Lisa Harrington, who carries her doll everywhere she goes, looked up at Miranda solemnly. Then she stepped closer and, holding the doll up to Miranda, said, "You can hold my baby a minute."

Miranda took the doll and held it against her shoulder, patting it gently, her fat, clumsy body swaying in the ageless maternal attitude. Then she handed the doll back to Lisa and said, "He's asleep."

A few weeks later I helped decorate the church for the early Christmas Eve family service. Late that afternoon when I left the church, everything was ready. Fragrant evergreen trees flanked the sanctuary, and red poinsettias glowed from their places.

At the front of the sanctuary was the creche. Each Christmas Eve at St. Paul's we have a brief enactment of the Christmas story. There are shepherds and an angel, and the couple with the newest baby takes the part of the Holy Family. This year it was to be Sue and Tom Gaynor with their six-month-old Timmy.

Shortly before the service started, I looked in to doublecheck. As I stood there in the quiet church, I saw Miranda walking down the center aisle. Dressed as always in wrinkled skirt and blouse, her shoes muddy, she carried the large diaper bag over her arm. She went to the creche and leaned over the empty manger.

I went and stood beside her. She looked up at me. "He hasn't come yet," she said. "I guess I'll just wait."

People were starting to come in. "Miranda," I said, keeping my voice low. "Miranda, will you wait over here?" I led her to a place in the little side chapel. She sat down quietly, but I could sense a tension in her which I had not felt before. I hurried to catch Mr. Phelps before the service began.

He was grave and troubled. "Please ask Miss Ross to call Miranda's social worker and say that we need her. There's an emergency number. Miss Ross knows." His face was sad. "I can't put Miranda out of the church tonight, not on Christmas Eve. She's one of God's children, too," he said and walked slowly into the sanctuary.

The service was under way when I finished talking to Miss Ross. I sat where I could watch Miranda. Following our usual custom, the young couple with the baby walked up the side aisle and took their places at the creche. Tom Gaynor, tall and bearded, stood proudly at one side. Sue lay little Timmy in the manger where he waved his fists and blew bubbles contentedly. Sue bent above him, her sweet face glowing with love and pleasure.

The primary children gathered around the creche to sing *Away in a Manger*. They stood silently for a moment, engrossed in the live baby. Lisa was holding her doll as usual. Then they began to sing.

Almost as if I knew what was going to happen, I watched Miranda leave her place and walk up to the children. Before I could decide whether to try stopping her, she was there. She picked up the baby from the manger and held him in her arms. Instantly everyone froze. It was a Christmas tableau with a grotesque difference.

Timmy's crying broke the spell. Sue took him gently from Miranda, who said over and over, "But he came to me at Christmas, he came to me at Christmas," as her hands reached out desperately.

Mr. Phelps started toward Miranda, but at the same



moment little Lisa Harrington stepped forward and with the simple wisdom of a child held out her precious doll, saying, "Here, you can hold my baby."

Smiling now, Miranda took the doll and cradled it against her shoulder, making the same cooing sounds she had made at the doll in the store window. Quietly Mr. Phelps guided Miranda down the long aisle to the back of the church. I saw Miss Ross waiting there at the door with a woman I had not seen before.

Now, at the start of a new year, I think of Miranda. She reminds me how helpless we are many times in the face of deep needs. The best I can hope for Miranda is that there will be a piano at Norton where she can play Mozart or *A Mighty Fortress*. Perhaps there will even be a baby for her to hold, sometimes. □



One fellow drove up in a 1966 Pontiac which was pumping oil fumes out through the oil-filter cap. Club members swarmed around it like a bunch of new interns—opened the hood, took out the plugs, and put in a compression tester. The final diagnosis was bad: it needed an overhaul.

Tune Up, Turn On, Drop In

AT Christ United Methodist Church in Baltimore, Md., someone—often the minister—usually turns up on Sunday morning with grease under his nails. The reason is a congregation-sponsored car-repair club, which operates out of the double garage next door to the sanctuary. Every Wednesday evening, and often on other nights, too, a half dozen or so fellows aged 15 to about 30 get together there to repair cars.

It all began when two of them and Fred Crider, the pastor, started tinkering with autos in the parsonage garage. Other tinkerers appeared. Before long community folks began asking them to do a tune-up or an oil change. The minimal rates appealed to them—many were low-income families.

"The club's Christian witness is unmistakable because the program is held on church grounds, the advisers are

connected with the church, and the club members are all aware of the support which comes from the church," Mr. Crider explains. The club receives \$100 annually from the congregation. It also received \$500 in 1967 from the former EUB Church's Crisis in the Nation fund and \$1,000 from the Fund for Reconciliation in 1969. "One or two boys who are presently members of the church probably became interested in it because of the car club."

Pastor Crider, who has taken a night-school course in auto mechanics and worked in a Sears-Roebuck garage while in seminary, spends many hours in the church garage, passing on what he has learned. There are two other advisers. Under their guidance repair work has ranged from replacing spark plugs to rebuilding an automatic transmission.

People who bring their cars in are expected to help with



At first Pastor Fred Crider (right) envisioned a club for teens, but very few of them had access to cars. Most of the men now using the garage (above) are neighborhood fellows working on their "family bread wagons."

as much of the work as possible. The service charge is a flat \$5 donation, which goes toward tools, heat, and light. Thanks to the cooperation of two supply houses, parts are bought and sold at cost.

"We don't guarantee our work" the pastor concedes, "but we do say if it doesn't perform, bring it back—and they do. When something stumps us, we look in the book or call a garage. I think most of the cars we've worked on run pretty well."

Because of the club two formerly carless families now have 1961 and '62 model autos. Both were donated to the club, which put them in running condition, had them inspected, and passed them on to the families for less than \$100 profit.

From the beginning the car club has been a training ground for people interested in an auto-mechanics career. And Fred Crider dreams of the day when the club can possibly rent one of the many nearby closed service stations and have a full-time director and instructor.

Meanwhile, neighborhood people continue to bring their cars for tune-ups, get excited about the people they meet there, and decide to drop in at another Christ Church service or activity.

—Martha A. Lane



Letters

EXCELLENT MATERIAL— WHAT ABOUT REPRINTS?

I am impressed with the excellent article, *The Church Is . . .* [November, pages 23-46]. This kind of material is just what I have been searching for to use in interpreting The United Methodist Church in my two churches. Thank you for providing an overview of the rich diversity of our denomination.

Are reprints of this material available?

JOHN M. DUNNACK, Pastor
Riverdale United Methodist Church
Gloucester, Mass.

We're happy to respond to Pastor Dunnack and others who have asked that reprints of *The Church Is . . .* are available at 15 cents each from the Together Business Office, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.—Your Editors

'UNSCHOLARLY, UNCONTESTABLE, EXTREMELY SELF-SATISFYING'

As one experiencing severe inner doubts concerning the value of continued membership in The United Methodist Church, I found *The Church Is . . .* very instructional. Having polled varying elements of the laity for 15 months, the 7 authors of the study immediately devalue their work by admittingly refusing to be precise, analytical, or discriminating concerning those factors (age, geography, race, etc.) which would have rendered their work either genuine or credible.

In short, we have random selections of thought and experience

from random "believers," all of equal value or disvalue because no effort was taken to balance any individual response against a mass response. The conclusion of the "study" is unscholarly, uncontested, and extremely self-satisfying.

But for those of us who question the dependence upon a professional clergy, the growing failure of structural priorities to be matched by personal priorities, and the meaningfulness of our institutional rhetoric and vocabulary, the problem is even graver. To maintain the church is requires a deep understanding of the meaning of being itself. The surface evaluation in this "study" tells me that we are aware of what it is to be structurally but have lost much of the power to be as Christian personalities. Perhaps we are no longer either genuine or credible.

THOM BLACK
Albion, Ind.

DIFFERENT ANSWERS TO 'THE CHURCH IS . . .'

That's a clever "front" for the November issue. But we must all be negative thinkers in our family. We didn't come up with any of your answers for what "the church is . . ." Our answers came out:

Empty pews and collection plates.
Money.

Not enough people.

People who are never up front.

Sorry about that! I must say we never had a *Together* cover that made the family scene like this one.

MRS. RUTH B. HUTCHISON
Plymouth, Wis.

TWO PAGES FOR INKBLOTS?

I wish to express my pleasure with the November issue, especially the special section on the church. But why are pages 34 and 35 given over to inkblots? What do these represent, if anything?

I see a procession of human forms entering a cabin or similar structure, but I cannot understand the purpose.

WILLIAM T. BENNETT
Bangor, Maine

The illustration, intended as one of eight showing ideas of what "the church is" to many members, was made from a photograph of graveside rites in a snow-covered cemetery. High-contrast rendering caused all foreground detail to be lost. The "inkblots" seen by Reader Bennett are wreaths.—Your Editors

MONEY SQUANDERED ON BLASPHEMOUS ROCK OPERA

I write in regard to *Godspell: Head-to-Foot Hallelujah* [November page 56]: While foreign missions are experiencing unprecedented opportunities, hampered only by a crisis in funding, American "Christians" are squandering their money on blasphemous rock opera.

Surely the subculture which will embrace the antichrist is upon us, both outside and within the church. How long, O Lord?

MRS. VIRGINIA W. JOHNSTON
Hillpoint, W

CAN KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST COME THROUGH THIS MEDIUM?

I read with disdain Leonard Freeman's article about *Godspell* and was appalled to think that *Together* would carry such material about our Lord and Savior being portrayed as a clown and alcoholic beverage dispensed at intermission. I wonder how many have come to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ through this medium.

I would like to see an article about a church that stresses personal salvation and soul-winning instead of the civic-socially oriented churches that are so prevalent in your magazine.

United Methodists are hungry for the gospel, and unless we have more Spirit-filled ministers with a burning desire to see people born into the kingdom, we will continue to lose members. I say thank God for the Good News Movement. I believe it is our only hope in bringing us back to the Great Commission to seek and save the lost.

ROLAND W. KELLER
Seaford, De

ON COFFEE-HOUR SOCIALS: AT LEAST YOU CAN ESCAPE

Your August-September issue was tops, and Gen Slear's *Loneliest Place in the Church* [page 40] really hit home with me. Being a minister's wife on the move ever few years and often a stranger in a group, I know just how she felt as a visitor to the after-service coffee hour. How often I've been in groups where everyone else was having a good time talking about people they knew but I didn't, or about experiences they'd shared and I hadn't, while I sat there trying desperately to hold on to a phony smile!

One thing you can say for a

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

coffee-hour social: you can escape from it. Have you ever been trapped for hours as a visitor at a Women's Society circle meeting with no way politely excusing yourself?

So what's the answer? Mrs. Slear says, "Perhaps the idea that visitors ought not to be invited to the coffee hour is not unreasonable." I don't know, but I feel you shouldn't invite visitors to any group just because you think it's your duty. But if you do invite them, there ought to be deliberate plans to keep the conversation on topics of general interest. Instead of announcing a coffee hour for the vague purpose of welcoming visitors, why not have a get-together over the service to discuss the sermon? Some might not participate verbally, but it would surely involve everyone.

MRS. ETHEL WIPP
Gwinn, Mich.

LETTERS TALK CRIPPLED: 'ELSEWHERE' WAS MISSING

In trying to sell *Together* in my church I told our members that the *Letters From Elsewhere* are worth the price of the whole magazine, and I was disappointed that the November issue carried no letter from Mr. Clutter.

To be sure, his spelling isn't up to standard, but his humor is most refreshing and the bad spelling adds to it. If there was ever a time when we need more humor, I think the time is now.

MRS. RUTH W. SEAL
Greenwood, S.C.

November's special section, *The Church Is . . .*, left us short of space for other features. Hegbert is back in his usual place now, however, and we're all glad to know that he was missed.—Your Editors

A SICKLE MOON IN THE EAST? WHAT WAS HEGBERT DOING?

I enjoy re-reading Hegbert's *Letters From Elsewhere*. Howsumever, I can't help wondering what in the world he done on his fishin' and campin' trip he wrote about in the October *Together*.

He tole about settin' round the camp faher in the evnin, watchin' the thin sickle of moon comin' up over the big trees in the east.

Now I'm almost as old as Hegbert and I've lived in 14 states and 17 foreign countries and ain't never saw a sick moon anticks as sickle moons comin' up in the east at night. They

hev always went down in the west at night. They probly duz come up in the east in the mornin' sometimes but I aint never seen it much on account of being usually asleep then.

Maybe the moon does act different in some places, like Elsewhere, so I wuz just wondring whar.

IVA CONNER
Sand Springs, Okla.

We have asked Hegbert if he was sure he saw a thin, sickle-shaped moon that night out on the Big Buffalo, to which he replied: "I shure thot I was shure, but I just run to my almack and seen it cudnt of bin and am wonderin' if it was a barn burning over their somewheres or maybe a big tree on far, or maybe I have seen too many moons in my day and have them all mixt up . . ."

—Your Editors

'ELSEWHERE' READ FIRST

I have read *Together* for two years now and enjoy it, especially the beautiful pictures. Some of the articles are very good, and I enjoy the *Letters* and even the *Teens* column—and I'm a senior citizen.

I can't see why anyone would want you to discontinue *Letters From Elsewhere*! That is the first thing I read when I get my copy. I see you have another complaint on it in the October issue [*Beautiful Language Abused*, page 48]. Please don't leave it out.

I appreciate my church's kindness in sending in my subscription. Otherwise I wouldn't be able to enjoy it.

RUTH B. GUTTRICH
Wabash, Ind.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN MORAL ABSOLUTES COLLIDE?

Unfortunately, Pastor Harvey N. Chinn had not read *The Lost Ethics of Jesus* and the readers' responses to it (October, page 6) before writing *The Perils of a Private Religion* in the same issue (page 46). He might not have condemned so strongly what is called situation or contextual ethics. To him this simply means: "The idea of moral absolutes is abandoned; everything depends upon the circumstances."

The former article by William C. Tremmel presents Jesus as making nonviolence a moral absolute for Christians, but almost universally rejected. Some responses to the Tremmel article raise the question of whether or not there may be

times when this moral absolute collides with other moral absolutes, such as love of neighbor.

Fifty years ago, in resentment over rising school taxes, a man blew up a Michigan schoolhouse, killing 34. If at the last moment someone knowing his intent had had to choose between killing this man or allowing this tragedy, which moral absolute should have guided that person—nonviolence or love of neighbor? In a few seconds he would have had to make one of these absolutes into a relative.

Christians should approach life with some firmly held moral convictions that only exceptional circumstances would cause them to violate. But they should also be open to the possibility that some higher value at a given moment may demand breaking a good general rule.

The basic problem in our complex, fast-moving society is not only in teaching the general rules the past has found useful, but also in teaching some basic priorities to which all general moral rules should be subjected. Few human decisions are between totally good and totally bad choices. Often it is between the lesser and the higher good, or the lesser of evils.

MARCIUS E. TABER, Retired Minister
Hillsdale, Mich.

THOSE WHO CONDEMN FORCE IGNORE BASIC REALITY

William C. Tremmel's article *The Lost Ethics of Jesus* is a fair exposition of the extreme pacifist's position, honestly stated. However, he arrogates to himself the sole right to interpret Scriptures correctly.

According to Tremmel, no Christian has a right to lay a hand upon anybody whatsoever under any conditions. A policeman has no right to act, as a Christian lawman, even with his hands, much less with a club or gun, to restrain criminals. This means no government of any kind, no kind of practical organization with discipline for carrying out manufacture and business. In short, this so-called Christian ethic means absolute anarchy and confusion. Those who unreservedly condemn use of force have ignored some basic facts of reality. Is that the kind of world Jesus wanted? If so, we had better look elsewhere for our religious authority.

But Jesus also illogically said that some of his followers would be "greater than I" and that a rightly instructed Christian teacher would

"bring forth treasures new and old." Here is the basic constitutional proviso of Christianity that made it adaptable and a living religion for all ages to come, even after the state accepted Christianity.

Ambrose and Augustine were the giants who rose to the occasion and reinterpreted Christianity so that it lived on for us and for all ages to come, in line with the constitutional proviso mentioned above.

Christianity appears illogical only to those whose systems do not include a proper consideration of all the facts of reality. One of those facts is the necessity for use of restraint in the building of a world order that contributes to the happiness and well-being of mankind.

JEFF P. PAUL
Long Island City, N.Y.

INDIANS HAVE NO CAUSE TO REGRET THANKSGIVING

In the November news section the Rev. Homer Noley is quoted as saying that Indians see Thanksgiving as "a celebration of the white man in which he justifies his presence in the land by saying that God has ordained his being here." [See *Indian Takes Offense at Thanksgiving Rite*, November, page 19.]

Certainly Thanksgiving is a white man's celebration. But there is no reason for Indians to regret Thanksgiving. The Indians treated the white people royally in the early days, and if they hadn't furnished them with food, few would have survived.

However, this country doesn't belong to the Indians. It belongs to God, and I am sure that the white people were divinely led to this country. Quite a few people have the mistaken notion that this country belongs to them. If they would realize that it belongs to God and they are supposed to take care of it and its resources, there would be a lot of changes made.

MRS. GAIL E. BENNETT
Davenport, Iowa

MANY NOT SORRY ABOUT MOTIVE'S LAST ISSUE

In your November news section [page 17] you note that the December issue of *Motive* will be that magazine's last. Many of us are not sorry.

Especially significant to me is that this last issue will be devoted to "gay consciousness." All readers may not be aware that this is a new fancy term for plain old

homosexuality. Also, some may not know that a few people in The United Methodist Church, including perhaps some of *Motive's* writers, are quietly working to have United Methodists view homosexuality as a different but unobjectionable way of life.

We who are conservative Methodists do not want homosexuals to be viewed as hopeless outcasts any more than alcoholics and thieves but just as what the Bible calls them—sinners in need of conversion through our Lord Jesus Christ.

HARRY M. SAVACOO
Binghamton, N.Y.



DISARMAMENT STATUE REPLICAS AVAILABLE

I was greatly pleased to see in your October issue, inside the front cover, a picture of the disarmament statue in the garden at United Nations headquarters. It was especially appropriate to show this statue during October when the birthday of the UN is celebrated and because of the importance of the disarmament negotiations now going on in the Soviet Union and the United States.

You may be interested to know that a factory in Leningrad made up a special order of 10-inch replicas of this statue for me, and I have them for sale. Bronze-plated aluminum replicas are \$25 each, and solid bronze are \$35.

CARL SOULE
United Methodist Office for
the United Nations
777 United Nations Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10017

'SUPERSTAR' WINS CONVERTS IN LATIN AMERICA, TOO

The experience which Thomas M. Huddleson described in *'Superstar' Wins a Convert* [July, page 48] is similar to a recent experience in our own family that I want to share it with you.

For the past 14 years my husband and I have worked in the Methodist Church of Brazil. This year we were moved from the city of Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, to the city of Salvador, Bahia. Our 18-year-old son stayed in Belo to complete prep school.

July is midsemester vacation here and Ricky came to visit us. Out of the small salary he receives for teaching English, he had brought a present for each of us. His gift to his father was the album *Jesus Christ Superstar*. He presented it rather hesitantly: "I don't know if you will like this or not . . ."

We chose an evening and all sat around the record player to hear it. Jim and I followed the words, and even though it was a new experience, we could get the "feel" of the music. Jan Lee, 14, was so caught up in the loud music which she understands, and the three younger children fell asleep.

Ricky occasionally pointed out things to listen for, but it was in our discussion afterwards that we felt we learned something about communication. It was clear that this album had communicated the message to Ricky more forcefully than many sermons he has heard all his life. Especially interesting was his comment:

"I like the Gethsemane scene best. Just think of being faced with a decision like that, of being fully aware of the consequences—and making the decision Jesus did!"

And we learned anew a lesson that those of us who work in the church cannot afford to forget: The message of Christ is eternal, but it must be presented to the need of every age . . . and also that we must never become too old to learn from youth.

MRS. JAMES GOODWIN
Igreja Metodista Central
Salvador, Bahia, Brazil

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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'Hegbert, honey, I am Afrade You are about to go to Seed'

Dear Editor:

About a year ago you was in receipt of a letter from me inclosing a long list of new year reslutions which was never printed in your the *Together* magazine, for what reason I dont know to this day why not since I think you and your readers wood be interusted in a man whom is trying to better hissself.

The reason I rote you back then was because I was grately insparred by a sermon my preacher Bro. Harol Viktor delivered intituled "Let us Rezolve to Do Better in all Things during the new year."

"Friends," he deklared, "may the new year dawn upon a new person. Let us rezolve to change our ways. Let us do the things we shud of done last year but didnt."

Bro. Viktor then went on to say we shud rite down all our reslutions and maybe give a copie to somebody which is why I sent a copie to you, Mr. Editur, thinking you wood want to print it in the *Together* but have looked in ever issue from front to back all in vane.

Anyway when I had rote down my 1971 reslutions that Sun. p.m. last Jan. I went into the kitchen where Abby, whom is my wife, was finishing up the dishes and said: "Abby I have rote out a long list of 29 reslutions for the new year and wood like to know if you have any ideas."

"What have you got rote down, Hegbert?" she ast.

"Well the 1st thing I aim to do is fix that broke plank over Clear Creek where our best horse Big Beauty almost broke a leg," I said. "I will try not to miss a single meeting of the UM Mens club. I will sit up front ever Sun. in church with you after I have took up the collection. I will keep a sharp ax and chop enuff wood for the far place in summer to last us all winter. Also I will—"

Abby give a little laff and said:



"Hegbert, before you go on let me say that all them things is good and I hope you live up to them but let me also say sumthing I have wanted to say ever since you become 1/2 retarred 2 or 3 years ago. Hegbert, honey, I am afrade you are about to go to seed. All you do is moon around the house with your old brogan shoes skuffing up my good rugs and floor and tracking mud into the parler. Also as hed usher at the Elsewhere UM church you shud git yourself a new suit to go with a pare of new shoes to take up collection in. A woman likes her man to be presentible when he is up in front of the publick like you are ever Sun."

Well, if you knew Abby, Mr. Editur, you wood know she is the gratest little woman that ever set a table or arned a shirt so to please her I went

into Rock City the next a.m. and tole Henny Horn at the biggest and most xpensive drygoods store in town that I wanted to be refurnished with some Sunday clothes.

"I tell you what, Henny," I said. "I will even pay cash if you wood throw in a pair of long socks that go almost to my knees and stay up without garters, and also throw in one of them wide neck tyes that are in hi fashun now but look xactly like the tyes I wore 30 or more year ago and now wisht I hadnt threw away."

"Hegbert, you beat all," Henny said. "I never sold you nothing in my life but what I had to throw in sumthing free which eats up my legitimut margin of profit and may drive me out of business yet, however, will do as you say if you will buy this hear \$75.00 suit without altercations plus a dressy pare of new shoes. Hegbert, will you put them on or shud I box 'em up for you?"

"I will put them on and you can box up these wore out duds," I replied.

Now, Mr. Editur, when I git on a spending spree I dont know when to stop so that minit I walked out on the street I hedded for Falter's jewelry store and priced his wris watches and bought me a \$17.50 beauty. Then I went around town showing off my new clothes, shoes, and wris watch and joshing with the loffers on the courthouse square. It was a lot of fun when I tole them I was about to announce my candydicy for govner.

But that is about all the fun I have had out of my new outfit, Mr. Editur. In the 1st place the pant legs is too tite and now not a year later my wris watch has wore out the left pocket from rubbing against the cloth as I am allways reaching in that pocket for money and car keys.

Now you may think this is sillie but my biggest problem of all is with



THE DRAMATIC SILENCES OF HIS LAST WEEK

From the silence of the city after the triumphal entry through the silence on the road to Emmaus, these seven moving Lenten meditations portray the depth of feeling that must have captured the hearts and minds of those who were there during Jesus' last week. *Wheaton Phillips Webb* meaningfully fills these seven moments. \$2.50

THE SANCTUARY, 1972

This popular Lenten devotional booklet by *Wallace Fridy* contains daily meditations, Scripture readings, and brief prayers. The theme is the life and teachings of Jesus. 15¢ each; \$7.95 per 100

THE EASTER STORY FOR CHILDREN

Ralph W. Sockman explains for the child the life of Jesus, beginning with his birth and concluding with his crucifixion and resurrection. Ages 7-10. Illustrated by *Gordon Laite*. \$2.25

IN
QUIETNESS
AND IN
CONFIDENCE
SHALL BE
YOUR
STRENGTH

ISAIAH 30:15

WORLDLY HOLINESS

Based on the famous prayer of St. Francis, these brief meditations will enable Christians to understand those virtues and graces presented so beautifully in this prayer. *R. Benjamin Garrison*. \$1.95, paper

THE SEVEN WORDS

Through timely illustrations, these messages draw out the spiritual meaning of the last words of Christ to reach and transform the heart, revealing God and his love. *Clovis G. Chappell*. \$2

THEY MET AT CALVARY

Dealing with the people who were actually involved in Christ's crucifixion, *W. E. Sangster* draws memorable and provocative insights for the Lenten season. A timely experience for all. \$2

THE CRUCIBLE OF REDEMPTION

These eight stringent and sometimes shocking Easter messages take Easter out of its traditional garb and help restore its vitality as the affirmation of Christian faith. *Carlyle Marney*. \$2.25

EASTER: A PICTORIAL PILGRIMAGE

Pierre Benoit, Elhanan Hagan, Konrad Leube. With commentary and full-color and black-and-white photographs, the reader takes a tour of the Holy Land to relive Christ's last week. \$7.95

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the methodist publishing house

the shoe strings which is too long and are frazzled at the end.

"I deklare, Hegbert," Abby said one day, "I wish you cud do sum-thing about them shoe strings. They worrie me to deth flapping and snapping under your new shoes like that. In church when you take up collect-shun nobody can hear the nickles and dimes dropping into the plate the sound of your clicking shoe strings is so loud. Cant you tye them so they will stay tyed?"

"Abby," I said, "they will not stay tyed. The strings is them round slick things and 1 plastick tip has wore off on the right shoe and 1 plastick tip has wore off on the left shoe. They is almost imposible to lace even if I wet the ends and twirl them."

I tole her I wood git me some new laces first time I was in town but somehow, Mr. Editur, I never did and am being plaggd by indicishun hear almost a year since I made my 1971 reslutions. I dont know if I shud git 18 inch or 21 inch strings and am afrade to unlace them to measure them because I cud never git them laced up agin. And even if I did they woodnt stay tyed.

Maybe even I shud lern a lesson from all this, for incidence, I done all the big things I rezolved to do and have gone and neglected the little bitty things that dont seam to amount to anything.

"Little things is mighty important sometimes, Hegbert," Abby has tole me a hundert times. So my reslutions for 1972 is going to be a lot of little things.

However, I will not send you my 1972 list, Mr. Editur, since you do not seam to apredate, at least did not print, what I sent last year. But do not take this as a persunal attak on your qualafications, Mr. Editur. We all show bad judgment sumtimes, even I whom has gone and had his whole year practikally ruint by a pare of shoe strings, or was my 1971 reslutions lost in the mail somewheres the reason you didnt print them in our the *Together* magazine last year?

Sinsereley, *H. Clutter*

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Is there any uniqueness left in the ministry?

✦ In 1967, a Protestant Episcopal Church report on theological education said, among other things: "The minister is one of the few persons in society today whose aim it is to care for the whole person, body, mind, and spirit." While gratefully acknowledging and supporting the work of all other professionals, the minister is, by definition, a generalist.

The ministry is also unique in two other senses. At his best, the minister serves in the name of Christ. For others,

this may be a covert and unspoken motivation. Such is not true of the minister of Jesus Christ. In the next place, a minister serves without fee. To be sure, he is paid a salary, but it is meant to free him to give full time to the work of preaching, counseling, and administration. The congregation that underpays its minister is, to that extent, limiting him in his unique service to the whole person in a whole world.

Are there any hopes in our endless conflicts?

✦ Yes, many. Conflict itself is not entirely hopeless. It is a sign of life, the evidence of struggle, the determination to live. Besides, conflicts are relative and situational. The conflict of a large and growing family, held together by love, differs from the wider conflict of a civil war. The conflict of a church struggling to become the body of Christ in 1971 differs from the conflict that divides a congregation over construction of a new building.

Consider, then, these signs of hope. We are much more aware of our mission in the world than we were in the days of casual church membership. Our conflict is not endless; it is punctuated by and interspersed with celebration. There is a hunger for new direction, hope, even conversion. And where there is such hunger, there is also hope. Instead of wringing our hands over the conflicts, we should rejoice that old molds are being broken so new ones can be built.

Is the Jesus Revolution a good thing for the churches?

✦ The Jesus Revolution, now barely five years old, is largely a nonchurch movement. It did not begin in the churches and does not rely upon the church for its support. Critics dismiss the Jesus People as the overly emotional and fundamentalistic young people who are fed up with the drug culture. These young people take Jesus much more seriously than do many church members. If they are too warm and emotional, it is equally true that many of us are too cold and formal.

Just what effect the Jesus Movement will have on the churches remains to be seen. However, one thing is already clear: some results match the goals of the churches at their best. Unless the churches become more determined to witness for Christ among all kinds of people, they will have no authority with them in the next generation. The Jesus Movement is good for the church that can respond to the challenge of Christ in this generation. It is bad for churches committed to finding Christ only in their way.

People



DOUGLAS SLOANE

One-man ecumenical movement.

DOUGLAS and Sibyl Sloane were living in Newton, Mass., when the life-changing tragedy occurred. It was February 22, 1944. Their son, Lt. Sanderson Sloane, was piloting "Peg-O-My-Heart," a B-17 bomber, when shot down on a raid over Koblenz, the great German industrial and rail center.

The parents were grief-stricken. But they wanted peace, not war, to influence the rest of their lives. Dr. Sloane decided to turn the spot on which a home for Sandy was to have been built into an ecumenical worship center. Now, 26 years later, people still gather before a stone altar at Cathedral of the Pines in Rindge, N.H.

The outdoor memorial overlooks farmlands sparkling with ponds and streams. Mount Monadnock rises majestically beyond the valley. There are Sunday-afternoon services, Easter sunrise services, special memorial services. Dr. Sloane himself meets many of the visitors. He shows them the Altar of the Nation, which has been officially recognized by Congress as a national memorial for American war casualties. There are stones in the altar from Omaha Beach, from Japan, from a South Pacific Island atoll, and Viet Nam; from famous U.S. landmarks; from each of the 50 states and 4 territories; and stones given by the late Richard Cardinal Cushing and other religious leaders.

In October, 1969, a stone of unusual significance was

presented to Dr. Sloane. Lord Mayor Willi Werner Macke of Koblenz made a special trip from Germany to deliver the relic, once part of a bridge which was destroyed by Allied bombing.

More than 5 million people of all faiths have worshiped at Cathedral of the Pines since its 1945 beginning. Their donations, plus gifts and legacies, help the center meet its \$50,000 annual budget. Last year Mrs. Sloane died. Even that has not caused the 82-year-old Dr. Sloane to give up his devotion to the Cathedral of the Pines. Working closely with him for many years has been Mrs. Reginald Hill, the Cathedral's executive director. □

MARGUERITE JUSTICE

She checks on police.

LAST FEBRUARY Marguerite Justice became the first black woman in the United States to serve as a police commissioner, and only the second woman in Los Angeles history to hold the position.

Working with four male commissioners, Mrs. Justice is a troubleshooter, in a sense. She spends hours studying police department organization and procedures, reports, and code books. She also drops in unannounced at the 17 police stations throughout the city. "I do not feel I can sit on the board making decisions without having been exposed to what's happening or where it's happen-



MRS. OTTO J. RUPP

Her scrapbooks circle the globe.

ing," she explains. After gathering information she makes decisions "dictated by my inner self and divine guidance."

Most of her daytime hours are devoted to her work as a commissioner. "I'm fortunate to be married to a fine man who has provided me with leisure time for community work," she says. Her husband, William, is a data-processing expert for the Northrop Corporation. He has taught her about the systems approach to problem solving, which she finds an aid in evaluating findings.

The couple attend St. Mark's United Methodist Church in Los Angeles where he is lay leader, director of Christian education, and chairman of the pastor-parish relations committee. Mrs. Justice now is chairman of ecumenical affairs. In the past she has been active in organizing youth programs and vacation church schools. She has served countless community groups such as a health council and the YWCA, and recently was commissioner for the Community Redevelopment Agency. She also enjoys sports and playing the organ. □

EVERY CHILD should have a book to call his very own, believes Mrs. Otto J. Rupp of Denver, Colo. So when, during a 1960 trip, she met children of Mexico and Guatemala who had never owned either a book or a magazine, she decided to do something about it. She would make books for them—scrapbooks. Since then she has personally distributed 3,799 scrapbooks made by herself and others for children in 39 countries.

Each book is bound in heavy colored-paper folders and is just 10 pages long (so no one can say, "Your book's bigger than mine"). The books are strictly pictures—colorful, child-appealing pictures of birds and flowers, of children of all races playing games and enjoying music. A "religious page" shows people helping each other in loving ways. There are no pictures of food ("because so many youngsters in foreign countries are hungry"); no pictures of guns, warfare, violence ("I want my books to further the cause of peace"); and no pictures of appliances which would be meaningless to children of destitute families. Mrs. Rupp's scrapbooks-for-children idea has spread to other cities and states. Clubwomen, Camp Fire Girls, American Legion Auxiliaries, golden-age clubs, church groups, and others now are making them for distribution in their own neighborhoods.

Some scrapbooks are mailed overseas, but to cut postal expenses she prefers to send them with traveling students, missionaries, tourists, and friends.

Mrs. Rupp, a lifelong Methodist but now attending a Presbyterian church, is also busy in church and community activities. This year she received a national honor from the Camp Fire Girls of America for her contributions to young people. □

Last July, in connection with *Together's* publication of *Ten Commandments for the Parents of a Teen-ager* by Dana Brookins, we invited our teen readers to respond to the question: How can you tell if you're a good parent?

Now we are pleased to present the essay which our editors found most effective in responding to the question. The writer, James Greenhalge, 16, of Longmont, Colorado, has received the promised \$100 award for his manuscript *A Declaration of Interdependence*.

In addition, we felt, several manuscripts submitted by other young people had important insights which would be of value to parent-readers. We have selected from these essays excerpts which appear on the facing page.

—Your Editors

About our winner: Prominent among the many awards which Jim Greenhalge has received as an Eagle Scout is the God and Country medal he earned through the First United Methodist Church of Longmont where he also was president of the Junior United Methodist Youth Fellowship. As a



junior at Longmont High School, he is an A-minus student, a six-foot-five, 190-pound football player and basketball center, president of the school's National Forensic League chapter, and the winner of a 1971 trip to New York and Washington, D.C., for another of his essays. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greenhalge.

A Declaration of Interdependence

By JAMES GREENHALGE

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for parents and teen-agers to reassess the childhood standards which have connected them, and for parents to let teen-agers begin to assume in society the separate and equal station of adulthood to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of each other requires that teen-agers should examine the standards by which they have been raised.

I hold these truths to be self-evident, that love and respect are the binding ties that bridge any void, and that family members are endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, love, and the pursuit of happiness.

Family life has always been essential for a productive, free society. A parent's job is to raise children into adults. Simple as that may sound, anything involving human beings cannot be simple or clear-cut. A child, when young, begins to form a character that will influence his thinking, his habits, even his way of life. When that child becomes a teen-ager, he becomes more aware of his world and he finds that something more is required of him: he must make more difficult decisions.

This is where the parents play an essential role. Their responsibility, from the child's birth to adulthood, is to guide and aid children along the rocky road to maturity. Through childhood, the parents will make most of the decisions because the children are incapable. During this time, parents are directors; their word is law. The igno-

rance of childhood may be bliss, but childhood should not last forever. Knowledge is given the child and with knowledge come decisions.

There is a one-word difference between childhood and teenhood: communication. When a child is young, he is curious about things and when he finds something new, he immediately tells his parents because, so far in his life, they are the ones who have shown the most interest in him. His discoveries are small, but to him, they are a monumental triumph. His parents are naturally pleased with his find, but they have lost the strange sense of triumph that the child feels. As this child grows older, his adventures increase, and he learns to communicate his feelings with his parents and with others. When he seeks information from others, some parents might think he is losing respect and love for them. This is not the case—new horizons and new faces bring new ideas.

A child would be lost except for the guidance of his parents. Ideas, curiosity, decisions, successes, failures, experiences, and knowledge are some of the ingredients for a mature adult. If left without guidance, these impressions jumble into a chaotic melting pot, and the individual will be a confused, upset, and mentally unstable person. If these ingredients are too refined, too guided, the outcome will not be an individual but a copy of the original guide, the parents.

This, then, is the role of parents: to be guides, examples, a voice of experience to a teen-ager. But there is a limit on either side of this guidance. If the guidance is correct,

the outcome will be a mature, thinking adult; but if the guidance slips to either side of the margin, troubled relationships are the product. Pick up any paper, any magazine, and you can find reports of broken homes, runaway children, suicides, neglected families, or other tears in the fabric of family life. Whose fault are these breakups? the parents'? the children's?

How can a parent tell if he is a good parent? I think the easiest way is to suggest qualities that a good parent should have:

Discipline. We are living in an age of leisure. The temptations of leisure time are twofold: either you become lazy or you find something to do to occupy time. A good parent should sense this and provide constructive pastimes—not only provide but participate as well. Discipline in this day and age is a rare attribute. Seemingly, the present generation in college is a pampered one that has never been told no. Why should they respect authority if it never played a part in their own homelife?

Of course, there is the other side of the coin—if discipline is too harsh, rebellion to authority will be the end product. Again, we have the thin line and two margins. Ideally, discipline will be lenient enough to allow discussion of authority, but strict enough to respect its wishes. If a parent is flexible enough to listen to complaints, but strict enough to mete out punishment when deserved, then he is a good parent.

Example. Have you ever been told not to do something, then see that person go ahead and do it? The lasting impression is one of ridiculous stupidity. Parents today are aghast at the high crime rate, the lack of motivation in their children, their lack of respect for our political system, the drinking, and the use of drugs. Have the parents ever thought about the causes?

Why should teen-agers refrain from crime when they see the first-page publicity it gets in the newspaper? People love to hear bad news about someone else, but would they buy a paper that accented the elevating things in life? Why should teen-agers respect our government if the parents never vote? Why should they strive for idealistic goals if the materialistic world is the only topic at home? Why are parents shocked with their kids drinking in public? Would they rather have them use the liquor stocked at home?

Example is important. A child is impressionable. Quite often a child will grow up just like his parents because they are his standard of excellence. If a parent can criticize with a clear conscience, then he is a good parent.

Love and Respect. How can someone learn to respect anyone's opinion if the most frequently used words in the home are "shut up"? We need to respect all views and opinions, but tolerance and respect are often missing even in world affairs. Love is self-explanatory. Love is an emotion that causes many of the world's problems, but is the one thing that can save it. Love can be twisted into jealousy, blinded to the truth—or love can be the fulfillment of the most elevating dream of mankind . . . peace.

"Love never ends; as for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away. For our knowledge is imperfect; . . . but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away." (1 Corinthians 13:8-10.) If you can show love and respect and appreciate

individual thinking, then you are a good parent.

Discussion. Family life is just what it implies—a family as a unit living together. Family life should be a project in which each member of the family has a role. Assignment of responsibilities and family discussions are important. Decisions affecting everyone in the family such as vacations and family activities should be planned by the whole family. If one family member does all the planning, it becomes a dictatorship and time and interest that should be spent with the family end up being spent away from home.

Family life plays an important role. It is the birthplace of freedom's greatest asset . . . the individual. The home is the harbor from the storms of life, the shelter when the whole world is against you; if a parent can offer understanding, compassion, a willingness to listen, a climate of interdependence with creative individuality, then you are a successful parent. If the teen-ager will weigh his parents' advice, accept his responsibility to the family, listen as well as discuss, then the family is a good family.

I, therefore, challenge teen-agers to grow in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man. □

• • •

Patience. A good parent is patient and does not push his child into growing up too fast lest the child miss some of the beautiful experiences that growing up from a child to an adult offers.

—Renee Wilson, 16, Farnhamville, Iowa

Guidance. If you aren't afraid to take my hand and guide me when I go astray; if you are willing to pick me up and comfort me in your protecting grasp during those times when I realize I'm not as mature as I thought I was; if you try to help me find answers to all the questions which come to mind in this mixed-up world of ours, then you are good parents and I love you.

—Leann Peterson, 16, Tacoma, Wash.

Unafraid of Anger. Parents and children must not be afraid of anger. If the parent-child relationship is as it should be, they will not always agree and anger will result. Anger is not wrong. It is a purely honest and human expression every person feels. People will and *must* express their anger in one way or another. Anger can bring parents and children closer together. When they are not afraid of anger, it is temporary and less likely to develop into lasting hostility. Hostility may be prevented by temporary anger. After a person expresses his anger he usually feels relieved. Both parents and children must give one another the "right of anger."

—Robin Jarrett, 15, Lewisville, N.C.

Time for Love. Take time out of your busy schedule and do something with your child, something that he wants to do and will enjoy. Do this often. It is the best way to show your child that when you say, "I love you," you mean it.

—Colleen Carvell, 18, Richfield, Pa.

Teens

By DALE WHITE

TAKE a sheet of paper. List 20 things you like to do most. Go ahead, keep at it until you get a full 20. If you had all the time in the world, what 20 things would you do?

Put a *P* beside those things which need another person to do them, and an *A* by those you prefer to do alone. Add a dollar sign beside those that cost \$5 or more each time you do them, and an *F* beside the ones that are absolutely free.

Now put a *-5* beside the ones that would not have been on your list five years ago, and finally, put a *star* beside your five favorite things on the list, with an approximate date when you last did each of them.

Now think about your list. Write a sentence on what you learned about yourself in doing the exercise. What surprised you about yourself? What pleased you about yourself? Disappointed you?

You have just participated in a "value-clarification strategy." Dr. Sidney Simon of the University of Massachusetts has developed a lot of these strategies [See *Values and Teaching* by Sidney Simon, Louis E. Rath, and Merrill Harmin (Merrill, \$3.95, paper)]. He believes a lot of kids are confused and miserable—and some get into trouble—because they have never learned to think through their own values. They fall prey to crowd pressures. Parents and teachers push them into so much work that they never have fun. They do what everybody else wants, but not what they want. So they end up bored, angry, or depressed.

What did you learn about yourself when you made your list?

Some kids discover that the things they most love to do they seldom get around to doing, and for no good reason. "I just love to walk in the woods," a girl exclaimed, "but I spend most of my free time shopping, which I don't really like that much." Why? She just drifted into it.

Others think they are living a boring existence until they discover what a long list of fun things they really do all the time. "I learned

that I am worth further investigation!" exulted one girl, who had thought her life was somewhat meaningless. She had come up with two whole pages and more of things she enjoyed doing. Lots of them she had always thought of as work, until she began to consider how much she would miss them if they were taken away.

Kids are often surprised to see how few fun things cost money.

Others learn that the things they enjoy most are not the things their peers pressure them into doing. They get trapped by their own wishy-washiness.

Some are surprised to see how much they need other people. Here are a few things one group listed:

"Picking apples—going to Communion on Christmas Eve—walking in an empty church—talking to my counselor—discussing my opinions—playing my guitar and singing—reading books about England—reading about Daniel Boone, settlers, prairies, early America—dreaming about going overseas.

"Walking on the beach in winter—listening to music I love—watching sunsets—climbing trees—sailing a boat—seeing Dad in a

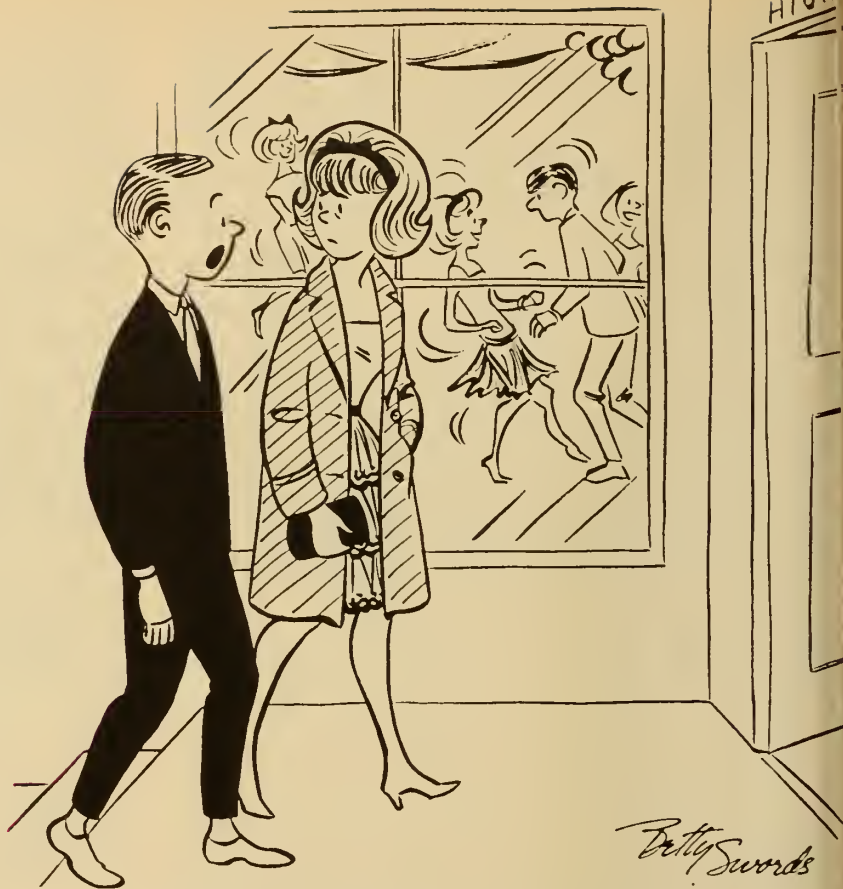
good mood and happy—seeing old friends—talking to interesting teachers—surprising Mom with little gifts—finding clothes and things at rummage sales—going to church camp—dancing and creative dramatics—going to concerts by some one I love to hear—getting letters—riding in the car when it's raining—sitting around the fireplace on Christmas Eve."

Want to share your list with us? Write and tell us what you learned about your values.



I've been having this trouble for quite a while now. I don't have anyone to confide in so I decided to write to you.

I am 13 and have liked a special boy for two years now. He keeps asking me to go all the way with him, and because I didn't, he broke up with me. After all the stories I've read about young girls having illegitimate babies, I knew I might be one of them if I didn't start thinking. I like this boy very much and want to go back with him



"Don't worry about this being my first dance, Carole, my mother has been teaching me!"

but I'm afraid that he'll be just like before.

What can I do to help him? He says that he only wants a girl friend for what she will give him. Would I be better off if I didn't go back with him? Please give me some advice.—C.C.

Isn't the answer written right into your situation? He has said he is interested in you as an object only. This makes you a thing, not a person. Ever notice how fellows who make a habit of exploiting girls give them subhuman names? Girls become sex-kittens, or birds, or bunnies, or broads, or worse.

Women have struggled for centuries to achieve full rights as whole persons. They are still fighting against discrimination in employment, restricted career opportunities, and other forms of exploitation, even in our own country. How can you let yourself be dehumanized after all this?



How do you tell a boy he is coming on too fast and too strong? On our first real date "Bob" and I parked. I could not say "no." I don't know why. I have always been able to before. Now every time I turn around he kisses me. I like his attention, but there is a limit! I don't want to lose him, but all that gets old. What am I to do?—J.F.K.

Why not tell him straight out just how you feel about it? He is still learning about girls, after all. If he is sensitive at all, he will want to know where you like to go and what you like to do. You will probably have to be firm and direct, since you seem to have a way of turning him on but good. Boys have rather vivid fantasies about girls, which they try to act out whenever possible. You will have to give him some training on what real flesh-and-blood girls are really like.



I am writing to you because I have a problem. Mine is not unfamiliar to you, I'm sure. I am 15½ years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weigh 123 pounds. You may not think that it has much to do with the problem, but it is the problem.

I was thin up until a year ago. All of a sudden I gained a lot of

weight in my freshman year. All sorts of tensions have been building up ever since.

All my girl friends say, "Don't you worry, you have lots of boy-friends." I don't care about that anymore. It's my parents. They seem to be getting more and more distant. We get into more arguments each day. Both my parents and I are getting all worn out. What can I do?—P.T.

Your weight gain is probably not the source of your problems with your parents. In fact, it may only be a symptom. Most people tend to eat more when they are under stress. You may be putting on pounds because you are trying to calm your anxieties and hostilities with food.

Talk is a much better antidote for mixed-up feelings. You are fortunate to have understanding friends. It would help also if you could find an adult who is a good listener. You could talk through your relationships with your parents and hopefully come to sense what is happening between you, and why. Try to initiate mother-daughter conversations. Let your mother know how it bothers you to see everyone drifting apart, and how concerned you are about all the fighting. Honesty about feelings is the best way to break down barriers between people, I believe.



I am a 14-year-old girl with a problem that is getting a little out of hand. I have known this girl for three years and we have been very, very best friends for two. My parents don't like her parents because they drink and smoke a lot. So my folks figure the girl is going to be the same way.

The girl's father died in a car wreck this year. He had been drinking. Ever since then my parents have said I wasn't to run around with this girl. They say she isn't Christian and that she cusses all the time. This used to be true, but not anymore. She and her mother are going to be baptized, and she now is a very good Christian.

I would like to know how to get my parents to agree that she is a good person and a great human being. I love her very much, and I don't want anything to hurt our friendship.

Also, I give her lots of things, and

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every time I do my parents seem to hate me. My girl friend is very poor and doesn't have half the things I have and dresses practically in rags. I feel I've got a responsibility to take care of her. So please help me. I'm becoming desperate!—N.B.

It is so common in small towns to give kids a reputation according to the status of their parents. If the town decides a family is "across the tracks" kind of people, they stamp the kids with that mold. The whole community works together to see that they do not break out of it.

No doubt your parents do not mean to be unfair. They are probably reading the community vibrations accurately. The family has lost status, and you will lose status associating with the daughter. That means people could become very cruel, and your parents do not want to see you suffer at their hands.

But you and your parents could help the family to change its image. You could talk with the minister and a few others to see that they get a warm welcome at church. You could help to make her a part of the youth fellowship. Maybe you could talk your mother into helping her with her clothes and personal grooming.

All this could happen, but it will happen only if your parents are open, warm, and secure persons.



I am a girl, 17. I like a man 32 years old. I love him because he's himself, not because he's cute. I don't like boys my own age because I don't enjoy being with them or doing what they like doing.

My problem is I'm afraid to tell my parents about him, and he says he will not see me again until I do. He says we have to tell them sometime, and it might as well be now. He wanted to tell them two years ago, but I said "No" because I was afraid they would say he's too old, and they wouldn't let me see him anymore.

We love each other and are planning on getting married in two years, when I am 19. He wants me to be sure I love him. He told me to date other boys my own age, but I don't because I feel wrong when I do it, and all I think about is him.

Please tell me if you think he is right about telling my parents now, and dating other boys. I think when I'm 19 our marriage could work,

but what I read says that it will not. Do you think that it could?—B.A.

I don't know. As you say, the things you read by experts on marriage don't hold out much hope. Most would agree that older men are usually bad news for teen-age girls. Probably he is right—you should tell your folks. Secret relationships have two strikes against them already. Also, it wouldn't hurt to talk the situation over with other understanding adults.



I am a girl, 12. My mother is sick a lot of the time. I am the oldest in a family of four so I am expected to make dinner for everybody and to clean up afterward. I get home from school to find my mother up and dressed but still not feeling well. When she doesn't feel well, she loses her temper very fast. She will yell at me and tell me everything I have to do.

One of the things that bothers me is that she never appreciates what I do. She never says thank you. It would mean so much to me if just once she said it. I have already twice seriously thought about suicide. I know my mother tries, but I don't think she tries enough. It is so hard for all of us children when she is sick, but hardest on me.—L.S.

You are being asked to do an impossible task at a bad time in your personal growth. Your thoughts of suicide show how much it is taking out of you. Your family needs some help. Will your father discuss it with your doctor or minister? Most communities have United Fund agencies which can help with homemakers' services, counseling, and the like.

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of **TOGETHER**, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068. Dr. White, author of *Teens* since early 1966, has long worked with youth. He earned his doctor of philosophy degree in psychology and ethics from Bastan University and is presently serving as a district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference. —Yaur Editors

BOOKS

"**G**OD GRANTS YOU an interview. Go to 600 Madison Avenue, room 3700, Monday, at 11 a.m."

If you got a note like that in your morning mail, what would you do? The hero of a wildly comic novel by Avery Corman is a playwright and freelance writer, and so he goes to room 3700 at 600 Madison Avenue.

From there on, *Oh, God!* (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) is like a Marx-brothers movie as the writer's factual, meticulously accurate reports of that and subsequent interviews with God get him into *Time* and *Newsweek*, onto the Johnny Carson show, arrested and into the psychiatric ward of Bellevue Hospital, where he is put in a bed next to a man who says he is God, and before a panel of theologians who grill him intensively and finally report that they find "strong evidence to support the claims of a miracle." The story ends after delegates to an international all-faith conference held in a hall of the United Nations vote 1,459 to 332 that a miracle has not taken place.

This last leads God to go off somewhat huffily, although he admits that he has done what he came to do—he has told people that he is not dead and that he has given them everything they need if they will only work at it.

God appears to his bewildered interviewer as a taxi driver, a telephone repairman, a short gentleman in a Nehru suit, and a Good Humor man. Throughout, he speaks in earthy colloquialisms and

a Jewish accent. He explains: "Like I keep telling you, it's for empathy. Better I should appear as somebody from your background . . . For somebody else I would look different. And I'll tell you something, but don't make any funny remarks. I can also be a lady."

Don't make any funny remarks about Corman's novel. Like all genuine humor, it wraps truth in outlandish but unforgettable garb. *Oh, God!* is a very religious book.

The illustrations in *Great Religions of the World* (National Geographic Society) are so visually exciting that it may take you a little time to get down to reading the text. When you do, you will find that it is both absorbing and authoritative.

Aspects of Christianity are covered by W. D. Davies, Father John P. Whalen, Hans J. Hillerbrand, and Robert McAfee Brown. Authors of material on Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, Islam, Confucianism, and Taoism are similarly qualified. Then, interspersed, we have views of religions in action around the world as *National Geographic* writers and photographers have seen them.

While remaining true to our own faith, we should listen to the voices of other faiths: ". . . for by listening we may come to understand our fellowman, and understanding leads to love—a concept hallowed by every faith," writes philosophy professor Huston Smith in a summary chapter that delights in differences as well as similarities. The book's editor was Merle Severy.

Great Religions of the World is not available in bookstores. It can, however, be ordered from the National Geographic Society, Dept. 100, Washington, D. C. 20036. The cost is \$12.55, which includes postage and handling.

You don't read a book by Ross Snyder, you experience it. The religious-education professor from Chicago Theological Seminary has a way of giving words the sudden swirl of a whirlwind, the sparkle of a burst of fireworks, the stirring cadence of a dance.

In *Contemporary Celebration* (Abingdon, \$4.75) he urges groups of lay people to get in on the act and joy of enabling vital worship in their churches and communities and sets down some fundamental theory out of which inventive celebration can come. It is not a book for everybody, but for those who respond to Ross Snyder's exuberance it is full of new insights presented in new ways.

I took *Six Nights a Week* (Harcourt, Brace, Jova-

At a Moravian lovefeast in Old Salem, N.C., candles light wonder in young eyes. Moravians mark special occasions with this sharing of a simple meal, music, and meditation. From Great Religions of the World.



novich, \$5.95) home as escape reading, and escape it was—from books about perversion, war, violence, and anatomically explicit sex.

Evelyn Hawes has written one of those novels, too rare these days, about people you'd like to know—Katie and Mac Macfarlane, who are in the first months of their marriage. Telling the story as if Katie were telling it, Mrs. Hawes writes in a breezy, lighthearted, freewheeling style that never gets saccharine.

Never a month goes by that I couldn't give you a list of books on Israel. With the situation in the Middle East changing from day to day, all of them are slightly out of date by the time they appear, of course. Out of date except in one respect, and that is the deepening chasm between Muslim and Jew.

Immediately after the Six-Day War, a group of young Israeli soldiers got together and talked about their own combat experiences. Out of this conversation and a subsequent series of round-table discussions held by kibbutz members comes **The Seventh Day** (Scribners, \$6.95), edited by Avraham Shapira. It is a thoughtful yet graphic view of the individual experience of war.

Red Star Over Bethlehem (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) is concerned with the deepening involvement of the United States and the Soviet Union in the Middle East. Author Ira Hirschmann, a New York businessman with U.S. State Department experience, warns that this has created a complex, controversial, and frightening situation, and he reviews the historical and political factors that have brought us to this brink.

Israeli writer Amos Elon gives us a look farther backward in **The Israelis: Founders and Sons** (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$10). The founders came to Palestine at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th century, driven from Russia and Poland by the knout of the Cossacks, fear of pogroms, and a messianic belief in a better world. In the following half century, these first Jewish settlers tamed a wilderness; planted fields; built factories, ports, and cities; and created the basis for the modern state of Israel. They were the idealists; their sons are the pragmatic realists on whom the fate of their beleaguered state rests.

Encounter With Israel (Association Press, \$7.95) is the work of husband-and-wife team Alice and Roy Eckardt. American Gentiles, he is a well-known Protestant theologian and she is a specialist in Jewish-Christian relations. Their book deals with what it is like to live in Israel as a Jew, as an Arab, and as a Christian.

Then there is the lively, personal, quick-paced report Harry Golden gives us in **The Israelis** (Putnam, \$6.95). America's best-known Jewish writer made four trips to Israel before writing this readable book.

Last, for this month at least, is American novelist Gerald Green's journal of his experience of Israel, **The Stones of Zion** (Hawthorn, \$10). He went there to tour archaeological sites, but he discovered that in Israel you can't separate the past from the present. His book turns out to be a lively view of ancient and modern Israel, a place where heated arguments can take place about Herod the Great, as if he were king still.

Midge Turk, college editor of a popular magazine for young women, used to be Sister Agnes Marie, a member of the order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. As a nun she taught within the parochial-school system and was principal of two widely contrasting high schools, one in the ghetto, the other in a rich and comfortable parish.

She left her order after bouts with depression and, finally, psychosomatic blindness. But it becomes evident in **The Buried Life: A Nun's Journey** (World, \$6.95) that her reason for entering the order was hardly sufficient to support a rigidly structured religious life.

Educated in Catholic schools, "I didn't feel that God was calling me in the traditional sense, but I did have a vague uncomfortable feeling, a feeling that would intensify in the weeks to come, that if I did not enter the convent I would have to live a life of agonizing penance," she recalls. How did she stay a nun for 18 years? She says she has no clear-cut answer, that indeed very little about those years was clear-cut or neat. Throughout her postulancy and novitiate, in fact, she kept expecting to be rejected, but she was not.

She has written a forthright and readable book about her years as a Roman Catholic nun.

The mayor of the city of Chicago is a stocky, sour-looking man who still lives in the Irish working-class neighborhood where he was born. He

attends mass every morning. Nobody has ever accused him of dishonesty, but he forgives others in his Democratic Party organization for every sin but adultery.

Richard J. Daley's love for his city is real, his genius for politics is unmatched, and the power he exerts from his office in City Hall is total. Nor is it limited to Chicago. It blankets the State of Illinois and reaches deep into national political affairs. In **Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago** (Dutton, \$5.95) Chicago newspaper columnist Mike Royko has written a caustic study of the man and his power. It could become a classic in the field of urban sociology, but it is a lot more fun to read than most classics.

"... we returned discouraged. But also encouraged because we have witnessed a revolution."

White reporters Earl and Miriam Selby traveled America for two years, tape-recording nearly a million words, in an effort to hear what black Americans are saying. They listened to black leaders, black revolutionaries, ghetto dwellers, students, successful blacks who say that no matter how affluent a black becomes he can "only come out of the ghetto to a certain degree, like moving from one end to the other."

Odyssey: Journey Through Black America (Putnam, \$7.95) is their report. The single great refrain they heard is that whites pay no attention to blacks until the cities burn and people are killed. Inadvertently black men have discovered that their most potent weapon is violence.

The dinner guests were an even mix of college students and people who wouldn't see 30 again. The subject of race came up, and a high-school teacher who should have known better asked the students at her table if they had read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. They all shook their heads. Books by George Washington Carver? Again, no. Then somebody else asked: "Malcolm X?" And every head nodded enthusiastically.

So it isn't necessary to tell young people about **Malcolm X: The Man and His Times** (Macmillan, \$7.95), and this review is directed to whoever may not know that the young Black Muslim leader who was assassinated on a cold February day in 1965 still has a potent and pivotal influence on Afro-American history. John Henrik Clarke, editor of this collection of his basic writing and speeches with essays about him by black writers, says: "He had the greatest leadership potential of any person to emerge di-

rectly from the black proletariat in this century. In another time under different circumstances he might have been a king—and a good one. He might have made a nation and he might have destroyed one."

This is the standard work on the life of Malcolm X.

Humorist Dick Gregory has turned his gift for satire to the cause of human rights for a long time, and **No More Lies** (Harper & Row, \$6.95), which he has written with the editing help of United Methodist minister James R. McGraw, is American history as seen by a black man. The view is blistering.

We're far enough away from World War II now to be able to see it in perspective, and Thomas M. Coffey gives us an absorbing record of the war as the Japanese people experienced it in **Imperial Tragedy** (World, \$12.95).

He went to great lengths to make the story completely accurate, but this is first and primarily about people, not events.

My earliest memories of the circus are of watching it unload in the chilly white light of dawn, of seeing the big top go up, and of watching the loading after the last performance. My parents weren't content just to take me to the big show. They wanted me to know how it traveled, and how its people lived.

Circus tents and street parades have just about vanished now, but even as I write this, Ringling Brothers is setting up in Chicago's International Amphitheater. Most of them travel by trailer-truck instead of train, but nearly 100 circuses are still showing across the country. Felix Sutton reassures us of this in **The Big Show** (Doubleday, \$4.95). This is an ageless kind of book about circus history that will appeal to grandparents and grandchildren alike. And how my father would have enjoyed it!

Girls just into their teens will enjoy **The First Four Years** (Harper & Row, \$4.95). Although it's told in the third person, it is Laura Ingalls Wilder's story of the first four years of her own marriage on a South Dakota homestead. The years 1885 to 1889.

Mrs. Wilder wrote it many years ago, in pencil in an orange school tablet. It was discovered among her papers after she died and is the last in a group of her stories known to countless readers as Laura Ingalls Wilder's "Little House" books.

—Helen Johnson

Fiction



MY MENTAL PICTURE of William Inge is of a rather far-out dramatist dealing with the new experiments in morality and human behavior. But I call your attention to **MY SON IS A SPLENDID DRIVER** by William Inge (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95). It is about a Midwest family and it has the unexpected drama of ordinary lives. William Inge is a first-rate novelist besides being a playwright, and he tells about plain people and their hidden dramas.

The preacher needs to realize that he is dealing with drama when he deals with his congregation. Every Christian needs to know of the unexpected heroisms and defeats of ordinary people. Life can get very tiresome and even boring if we allow it, but the Christian is aware of its dramatic nature and above all the excitement which the gospel always reveals. That is why the Bible is the greatest book ever written and is truly called "the Book of Life."

MY SISTER THE HORSE by Barbara Klimowicz (Abingdon, \$3.75) is a child's book but I liked it—which says something about me. The drawings by Lee J. Ames are great also.

The whole thing found me because I had a little niece one time who thought she was a horse just as Maudie does. This little Polish girl takes the name of Lightning or Man o' War, and she fashions a sash around her waist, and she whinnies, and sometimes she worries her parents because the make-believe becomes too real.

This story is of a Polish family that lives in New York City. Alice, who is a little older than Maudie, tells the story. The family loves one another and reveals some of the things of childhood which we so easily forget.

Be sure that your children have a chance to read this book and if their

parents are anything like me in their appreciation, be sure that they read it, too. The niece I referred to now has two children of her own. I can hardly wait to pass this book along to her.

BEING THERE by Jerzy Kosinski (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$4.95) is by a Polish writer who in *The Painted Bird* related his terrifying experiences as a Jewish boy in Poland during the war.

His new book is about a man called Chance who grew up in a well-to-do household and never learned anything about his own life. He did just two things: tend the garden and watch television. On the death of the owner of the house, he wanders away, is hurt by a car, and taken by a lady's chauffeur to her home. Her husband, who is sick, is an honored financier upon whom the President calls.

Chance impresses everybody with his understanding of the economic situation although he simply talks in terms of his garden and growing things. The President is impressed and Chance ends up on a television show. Everybody believes him very wise. At the end of the book, the politicians have decided that if they can get him to run for vice-president, it may save a disastrous administration.

The book is full of humor, irony, and to me it was altogether delightful. It has some lessons we need to learn. It is exciting and its extreme simplicity carries conviction. No wonder it won the National Book Award.

—GERALD KENNEDY
Bishop, Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

A Parakeet, an Ostrich, and Willie

By JOAN BURKE

WILLIE wanted a pet parakeet. . . A parakeet is hardly any trouble at all. He will sit on your hand. He will eat from his seed cup when you hold it. And he is very small and very brave. . .

"All right," said Willie's father at last. "We'll get you a parakeet if you promise to take care of it and buy the birdseed from your allowance."

So Willie got a very nice parakeet, dressed in a lemon-lime suit, and he called him Corky. . .

Corky was hardly any trouble at all. He sat on Willie's hand. He ate from his seed cup when Willie held it. And he was very small and very brave.

And he was Willie's—all Willie's, every pickety feather of him, every peep, every pip, every squeak.

"Corky is mine, all mine," said Willie proudly.

And his sister Susan, who was all eyes, said not one word.

There was just one thing wrong.

Corky seemed to have an enormous appetite. He ate like twins, yet there was only one of him. He ate and ate, more and more, more and more, until he ate up all of Willie's allowance. There never was a penny left for anything else.

Willie was worried, and Susan saw that because Susan was all eyes. She clasped her hands together tightly, and sat quietly on the sofa, like a little angel, saying not one word.

One day Willie came home from school and was getting ready to feed Corky. He looked at the seed jar.

"Well I'm sure there was more seed in this jar this morning," said Willie. "And I haven't fed Corky yet today."

And Susan seemed to be all ears and eyes, watching quietly like an angel would, while Willie fussed.

"I think an ostrich must be getting into the house and eating up all of

Corky's seed!" said Willie. "That's what I think!"

That was when Susan smiled. And Mother smiled. But Willie's father shook his head and said, "Oh, I wouldn't say that if I were you!"

"Why?" asked Willie.

"Because you don't know about ostriches!" said his father.

"What are they like?" asked Willie.

"W-e-l-l, I hear they won't ever let anyone get away with saying anything about them that just isn't so."

"But it is!" said Willie. "It *must* be! Only an ostrich could eat so much seed!"

"Ostriches are about eight feet tall," Willie's father tried to explain.

"Too big to eat out of a little jar."

"Oh?" said Willie. "That big?"

"They are the strongest birds alive," his father went on as if he hadn't heard. "And what's more, ostriches can take 25-foot-long steps when they are running."

"Oh!" answered Willie.

"And did you know that an ostrich roars like a lion?"

"Oh!" squeaked Willie.

"Do you still think an ostrich took the seed?" his father asked.

But Willie didn't say one word. He just looked as if he were all eyes, all ears, and all goose pimples.

All the rest of the day, Willie thought he could hear the clump-clump-clump of big ostrich feet following him. Whatever he did, wherever he went, there was that clump! clump!

When Willie went to bed that night, he thought he could see two big, round eyes shining in through his window, looking a lot like two full moons. Willie's smaller round eyes stared back over the bed covers.

None of the eyes slept that night. The small ones watched the big ones,

and the big ones watched the small ones.

The next day, on his way to and from school, what do you suppose Willie saw? Or thought he saw?

Ostriches here, ostriches there. / Their long necks ostriching everywhere! / From behind the bushes, / From up in the trees, / Peeking through fences, / And as bold as you please, / Marching down High Street / In twos and in threes.

Willie sneaked into the house that day all huffs and all puffs. And what do you suppose he saw? The ostrich! The seed-taking ostrich. But it didn't have feathers! And it wasn't eight feet tall! It was pint-sized, and wearing a dress! It was smiling, and holding a huge jar of parakeet seed.

It was his sister Susan, and this time she spoke: "Here, you waste too much seed when you clean out Corky's cup. I've been picking out the empty seed-shells carefully and putting the good left-over seeds in this jar for a long time. It's a surprise!"

"Then it wasn't an ostrich!" said Willie.

"Silly Willie," said Susan. *I like* helping to take care of your pet."

"Our pet," said Willie.

And that was when Susan handed him a quarter. "Half of my allowance," she said, "to buy half of the seed, for my half of Corky."

There were no more ostriches looking in at Willie that night. No more ostriches following him to school the next morning, either.

As for Corky, he is learning to talk. He can say one word, and it sounds very much like *ostrich*! And he says it over and over: "Ostrich. Ostrich. Ostrich."

That's the way things work out sometimes! □

Jottings

Although men are well represented in this issue, it happens they will be poorly represented on this page. So, gentlemen, be seated. Women and children first.

Here's **Jane Merchant** of Knoxville, Tenn., who came to us (by letter) last year with what she termed a "presumptuous thought" regarding her *haiku* poetry on pages 32-33.

"How about using these . . . with the *Together* calendar next year?" she queried.

Since our photo-calendars appear only every other year, we decided not to wait. And since *haiku* is a form of Japanese poetry, we thought Oriental-type illustrations would be appropriate. (*Haiku*, by the way, is defined as "a major form of Japanese verse written in 17 syllables and employing highly evocative allusions and comparisons.")

Our *haiku* artist is 24-year-old **Faan Wen Yang** who lives in Arlington Heights, Ill. A graduate chemistry student, she recently exhibited some of her paintings at the Arlington Heights Public Library. Painting, she says, is only a hobby—as is guitar playing—aside from her work as a teaching assistant.

Poetry definitely is more than a hobby with Miss Merchant who has published ten books and more than 2,000 poems. Her hobbies, she tells us, include people-watching and bird-



watching. Asked how she entered her present work, she replied: "Slipped in when editors weren't looking!"

A recent article about the Knoxville poet in another publication brought a church-school teacher to Jane with a request for something personal she could show her class.

"I gave her an autographed snapshot," Jane writes, "and told her I hoped the class would enjoy the picture. The teacher said: 'Oh, they will! You know 10-year-olds enjoy anything!'"

The same article stated—erroneously, according to Jane—that "I played with caterpillars as a child. One child in Ohio who read it wrote me that the next time she found a caterpillar she would send it to me!"

Children, of course, live in a world only they understand—and as we recall, it was a pretty wonderful world. Although our hearing was acute in those days, we had a great deal of trouble interpreting some of the words indistinctly mouthed by adults around us.

We were reminded of this by Richard Allin's very readable, oft-times amusing *Our Town* column in a recent issue of the *Arkansas Gazette*. Mr. Allin told of a seven-year-old who knelt by his bed recently to say his prayers.

"Our Father, who are in heaven," he began. Then, as his mother—and the Lord—listened, he prayed: ". . . and deliver us from Eagles."

Another youngster, reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, declared: ". . . and to the republic for Richard Sands, one nation, under God, invisible . . ."

In conclusion, Mr. Allin gave one little girl's version of *God Bless America*: *Stand beside her/And Guide her/Through the night, with the light/From a bulb.*

Since most of you will receive this issue before Christmas, we didn't want to completely abandon the joyous Yuletide season, even if our deadline says January, 1972. The poem

The Unadorned Christmas Tree by **Betty Mina** [see inside front cover] is illustrated by photographer **Frank S. Williams** of Pasadena, Calif., who is a retired United Methodist minister and a former secretary of a conference board of missions. Mr. Williams tells us he took pictures in many parts of the world, using them to promote Methodism's worldwide mission program.

His picture of the snow-covered evergreen was taken at the Williams mountain home in Idyllwild, Calif.

"Our family wanted a white Christmas—and we really had one! I had strung electric lights on the tree after a snowfall provided a mantle took the picture at night . . . a light on a nearby tree served as a spotlight."



We would judge from afar that **Rachel Conrad Wahlberg**, author of *If You Are a Woman* [page 25], quite a woman. A free-lancer specializing in material for church publications, she is the mother of two sons and two daughters ranging in age from 23 to 16. She frankly declares herself "biased" and "very interested in the liberation of women, home, church, and society."

A book by Mrs. Wahlberg, titled *Leave a Little Dust*, is devoted largely to the theme that a woman is free to be herself in the different facets of homemaking, and is free at different periods of her life to take part in a variety of different roles.

She is concerned that women in the church are being urged "to fit certain slots, never to be creative, not permitted to decide the ways in which their own commitment to Christ should express itself."

A member of the Lutheran Church in America, Mrs. Wahlberg reviews movies for her church magazine, confides that she enjoys talking or writing about controversial subjects. She met her husband when both were members, naturally, of a college debating team.

—Your Editor

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PETER, Fisher of Men

*As he walked by the Sea of Galilee,
he saw two brothers, Simon who is called
Peter and Andrew his brother, casting
a net into the sea; for they were fishermen.
And he said to them, "Follow me and
I will make you fishers of men."*

—Matthew 4:18-20

THIS 28-foot-high bronze statue, *Peter the Fisherman*, at Fordham University, New York, is the work of Frederick C. Shrady, Easton, Conn., a well-known sculptor who specializes in biblical themes. Not only does the gaunt figure symbolize the apostolic role of Peter, the volatile, impulsive, beloved disciple who usually was first named among the 12 who left their secular tasks to follow Jesus. According to the sculptor, the Fordham statue of Peter casting his net also symbolizes "the enhanced role of the university casting its lines of influence, knowledge, and concern out over the metropolis." Also listed among Mr. Shrady's better-known works are *Christ and the Teacher*, *Descent from the Cross*, and a veterans memorial statue at Bridgeport, Conn.

—Herman B. Teicher



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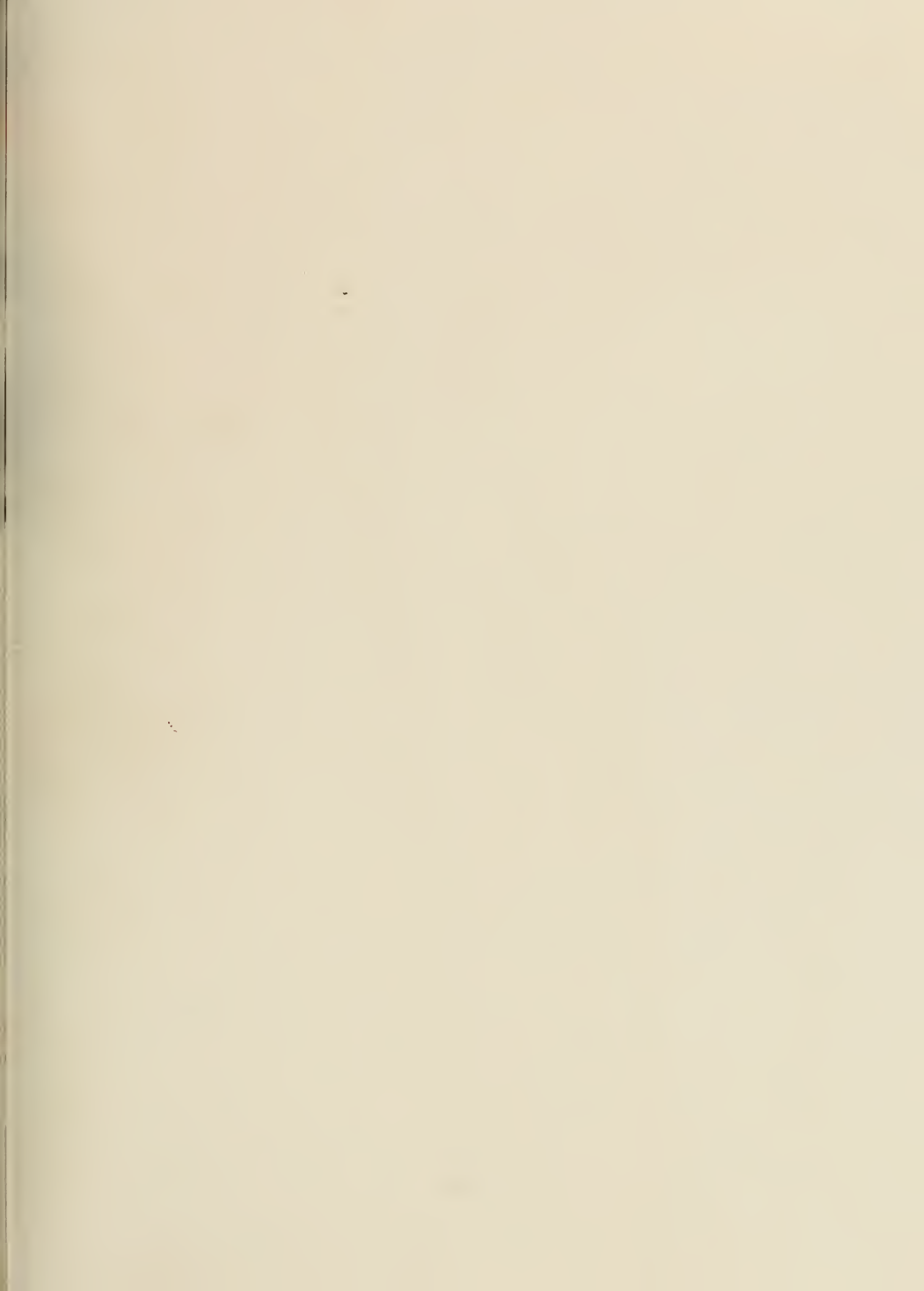
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